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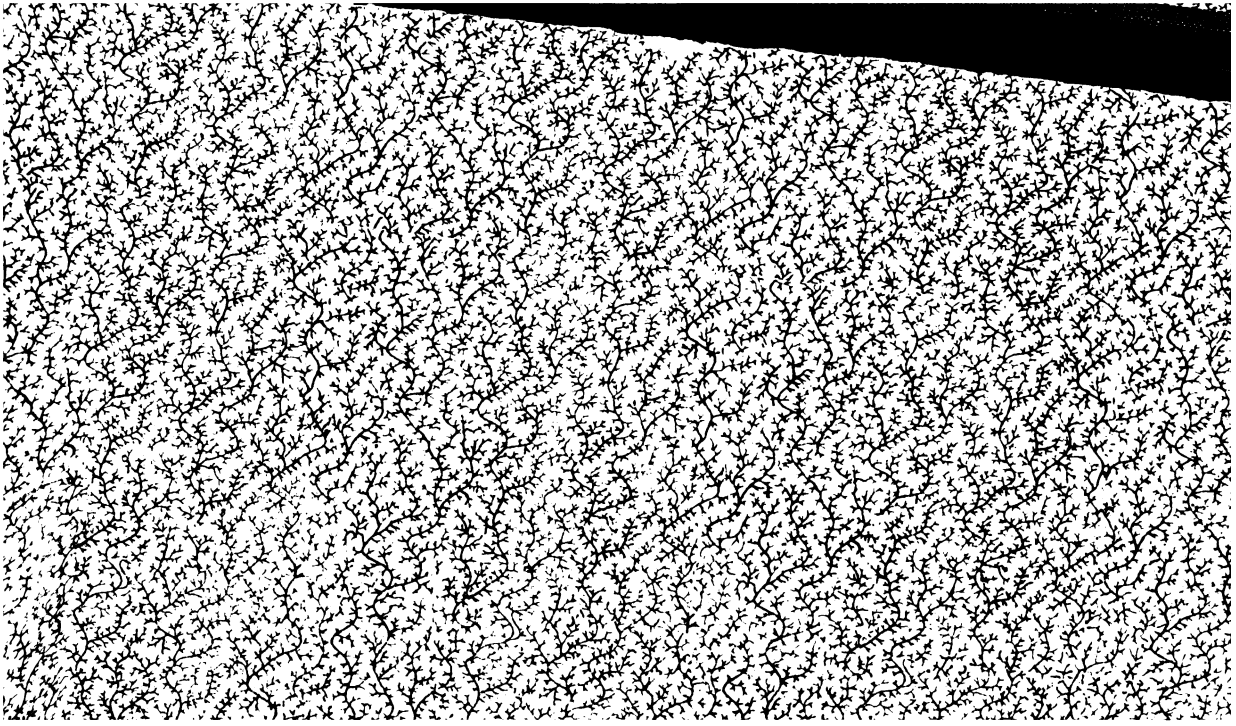

THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER.

VOL. III.

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THE

WORKS

OF

SOLOMON GESSNER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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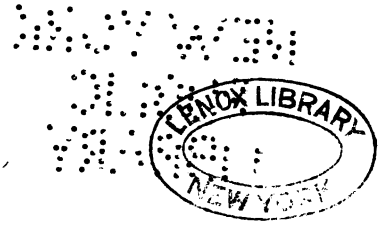
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From Mademoiselle ———,

To Gessner.

IS it possible that you can linger in the town, when every hedge-row is in bloom, and every meadow is decked with the charms of the unfolding year? Come down to us in the country, you will be welcomed by me, and by spring. If you do not arrive immediately I shall be seriously offended with you; I am half angry already. Madame N—— tells me you have been writing a pastoral; and so, most mysterious Sir! this secret was not to be confided to me? have you forgotten how much your last simple song delighted me? I sing it so continually, that Madame B—— compares me to the bull-finch that has learnt but one tune. I was singing it yesterday

terday evening in the grove, when the nightingale began her song, and I could not but pause to listen to her strain, however great is in general my approbation of my own music. Let us see you on Thursday next; I shall expect you in the bower; and bring "Daphnis" with you, if you wish I should ever again consider myself

Your affectionate

———,

To

To Mademoiselle ———.

WHAT mortal could brave such threats, or resist such persuasions? I send you Daphnis, and in print: the answer to your letter must even serve as a dedication.

To whom could I so properly inscribe it as to her, whose approbation is dearest and most precious to my heart? and to whom (allow me to say it) I owe every part of the success I may perhaps have gained in portraying love in its faithful and genuine colours. Yes, while I described Phillis, I thought of you, and the happy idea of writing a romance, supplied me with a continual and delightful dream

of

of you, which rendered our separation less intolerable to me.

Madame N—— has been very indiscreet: I took great pains to prevail on her to conceal this circumstance from you: but I only intended to keep the secret till I had read the pastoral to you, while you were ignorant that I was the author, and had thus obtained your impartial opinion of it; a decision to me infinitely more valuable than that of all the critics to whom it may hereafter be submitted.

The day after to-morrow (what happiness!) the day after to-morrow I shall meet you in the bower; I shall see you, and Spring. Farewell, but do not forget, that a dedication is worth at least a hundred kisses.

GESSNER.

DAPHNIS.

Me juvet in gremio doctæ legisse puellæ,
Auribus et puris scripta probasse mea.
Hæc ubi contigerint, populi confusa valete
Fabula, nam Domina judice tutus ero.

DAPHNIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

UPON the stream Neathus, which rises among the Clibanic mountains, and pours its stormy waves through flowery meads and fertile plains, the shepherds have consecrated to the Naiads, a little island, overshadowed by tall juniper and fig-trees. A rock rises in the midst of it, in which is the grotto of the nymphs: their images appear there, artfully carved in linden-wood; they are leaning on their mossy urns, and decked with their sedgy crowns. The blue-eyed goddesses are sometimes seen wandering among the trees; or sporting in the waves near the shore; or pressing the water from their long loose tresses, or peacefully slumbering in the sunshine on the rocks. The billows play gently over the foam-

covered roots of the white poplars and willows that droop over the tide: their murmur is sweet and soothing as the soft notes of distant music.

As constantly as spring returns, the swains and maidens of the neighbouring shores repair to this spot; they collect the blossoms of the trees that overshadow the stream, and the fairest flowers that bloom in the waters, and sacrificing them to the nymphs, offer up their petitions, that they will not again suffer their wild waves to lay waste the fertile plains, or bear down the young trees and shrubs in their overwhelming torrent.

Once, in one of the fairest days of spring, a whole fleet of little vessels approached the island. Each boat was covered with a green arch, formed of fragrant herbs and flowers, which defended from the sun-beams the joyous youths and maidens who sat within it; chains of flowers were entwined round the slender masts, and ascended to their very tops, from which ribbons and garlands streamed on the wind. They passed over the stream amid the soft music of the flute and the song, and landed

landed on the little island. The troop of youths and maidens ascended the shore; of maidens, whose beauty might have made even Goddesses envious. One charmed from the slender elegance of her form; another from the snowy whiteness of her forehead and bosom; this one possesed the regular and majestic beauty of Diana; and that, the smiles and loveliness of the Cyprian Goddess. Here, opening youth unfolded its ripening charms, fair as the unexpanded rose-bud; and there, the full perfection of beauty was displayed, glowing and dazzling as the full-blown rose.

They approached in pairs, and entering the sacred grot, presented their fragrant offerings at the feet of the nymphs: they entwined their images with garlands, and decked their brows with fresh wreaths.

The young Phillis now approached to present her garland and her crown: she was lovely as the fairest of the graces: every one of her gestures bespoke joy and innocence: her mild hazle eye beamed with modesty and love: her smile was sweet and irresistible as the infant Cupid's. She stood distin-

guished among her companions, as the new-blown rose surrounded by commoner flowers; when the bee, who long fluttered doubtful around, at length perceiving it, settles on its bosom, and determines to wander no more.

The rapid glances of Daphnis, the fairest of the swains, wandered among the troop of maidens: they met a thousand speaking eyes which were instantly averted, but which returned a moment after, with softer smile to greet him. At length he perceived Phillis; a sigh heaved his bosom; a glowing blush crimsoned his cheeks. His eyes rested fixedly upon her; she looked towards him, and they sunk to the earth. She turned again to behold him; he trembled, his heart beat, and alarmed at his own emotion, he sought to lose sight of her amid the crowd: but she still stood before him, conversing with her companions; her wandering eye sometimes glanced upon him, but was instantly averted, and fixed on the turf at her feet. Sometimes, by the pressure of the crowd, some taller maiden stood before her, and hid her from his sight: he murmured at the privation, and when it was removed, his eager eyes sparkled with renewed delight:

so smile the plains and valleys, when the moon rises above the fleecy clouds which for a while concealed her.

The flowers were now all strewed at the feet of the nymphs, and the shepherds had presented their garlands. The swains and maidens divided into choirs; and Daphnis placed himself opposite to Phillis. The maidens began in chorus a song in praise of the nymphs.

" Ye nymphs! who inhabit the still caves,
" and ye who pour your rushing waters over the
" rocky heights; Oh! be propitious to the shep-
" herds who dwell on the banks of your streams.

" We have robbed the trees of their blos-
" soms; we have stripped the shore of its flow-
" ers to offer at your sacred shrine: Oh! listen
" to our prayers, ye nymphs of the grot and of
" the stream!

" Oh! be propitious to the swains who dwell
" on the shore; let not the wild waves rob them
" of their fruitful trees, or pour their head-
" long torrent over the flowery meads and fertile
" plains.

" plains. So may the shepherd feed his flock
" in safety on the banks; so may ye wander in
" peace amid the shade, or rest on the soft
" turf, ye nymphs of the dewy caves and of the
" streams!"

So sang the choir of maidens, and the soft notes of the shepherds' flutes accompanied their strains. Daphnis listened attentively, eager to distinguish the voice of Phillis in the chorus, and forgot to play.

The moon now rose above the distant hills, and the youths and maidens returned to the vessels. Phillis also returned; her eyes sought those of Daphnis; the twilight gave her courage to gaze on him, and as she walked slowly to the shore, she often looked back, and sighed.

Daphnis stood motionless, and pursued her with eyes full of melancholy tenderness: he would have forgotten to ascend the boat, if the departure of the other shepherds had not awakened him from his dream. At length he seated himself in the little vessel, and gazed on those which had already almost reached the opposite

opposite shore. Every sound breathed mirth and joy: the gay notes of the song were blended with the soft tones of the flute, and echo repeated the mingled melody from the stream to the distant hills. The youths and maids who accompanied Daphnis, laughed, and sported, and sung: but Daphnis, lost in thought, sat gazing on the shore, and only joined in the strain, when its soft slow notes were expressive of tenderness and love.

Thus melancholy, he ascended the shore, and arrived at his hut; his aged father advanced with smiles of welcome to meet him, eager to listen to his account of the festival. He related to his son what he had often witnessed; how the rushing streams had sometimes overflowed their banks, had laid waste the fertile meads, and overturned the fruit-trees; how they had borne down the little boats, and drowned the shepherds in their headlong current. Daphnis listened in silence to the narrative, and when it was concluded, he went to the door of the hut, and remained pensively musing under the trees that overshadowed it. He gazed on the moon-light landscape, and sighed.

How

"How is it with me? (said he, softly) wherefore does my heart beat, and my bosom heave with sighs? Why did all comfort appear to forsake me, as she departed; and wherefore am I now so pensive and forlorn? Thy lovely image still hovers in my sight. I see still thy dark locks, half confined by thy garland, while the other loose tresses escaping, twine round thy white arms, or flutter on thy snowy bosom. Ah! that youthful, that lovely bosom! And thy dark hazle eyes?—How wretched were I, should they smile on any other but myself: when they are fixed upon me, their mild beams penetrate my very soul, Oh! how I love thee!

"How happy were I, could'st thou return my passion! Our eyes often met, but thine were instantly averted: Ah! if thou should'st love me!—Where art thou now? Alas! perhaps far from me. Where'er I go, thy image will continually hover over me; it will wander with me in the thicket, and rest with me by the stream: alas! perhaps without one hope of my ever beholding its original!"

Thus spoke Daphnis; and leaning against the

the trunk of a tree, he gazed on the still moon, and sighed. "She is mild and beauti-"ful as thee, Oh! moon; as superior in loveli-"ness to all other maidens, as thou art in bright-"ness to the faint stars that gleam around "thee." He was again silent; and thus he mused and talked alternately, till weary and restless he returned to his hut: his sleep was one continued dream of Phillis: he fancied her seated beside him: he attempted to embrace her, and awoke: he folded his arms pensively on his bosom, and sighed.

The rosy dawn of morning once delighted him, and inspired him with songs in its praise: but now he walked silently from the hut, and musing, drove his little flock before him to the meads. He there found the shepherds conversing gaily together of the festival of the nymphs: this one shewed a ribbon which his fair one had given him, and that a garland, which his beloved had entwined for him: one displayed a nosegay, which he had stolen from the bosom of a coy shepherdess; and another repeated a song, which his favorite maiden had taught him in the boat. Daphnis, who now listened to them, and now lost all attention in silent musing,

musing, at length related to them in the most passionate terms, his meeting with the beautiful Phillis: the youths laughed at him, and said, "Daphnis, thou art in love!" Daphnis sought to deny it; he blushed, as the shepherds gazed on him; and his confusion added to their mirth.

His passion every day encreased; the society of the shepherds became irksome to him. He led his flocks to the most solitary dells; to the stream which wanders through the shade; but its murmurs soon ceased to sooth him; he quitted it for the thicket; and soon forsook the thicket for the shore. There he stood and gazed on the opposite banks, and wept when he considered that the waters divided him from his beloved.

The swains soon missed him, for they all loved him. "Where is Daphnis? said they; we are no longer so gay, since he has forsaken us; he gave spirit to our mirth; he was the gayest of the shepherds; he sung the sweetest songs, and played the best on the flute."—The maidens too enquired for Daphnis, and many

a fair-one sighed when she heard the story of his love.

Often did he sit by the side of the stream, and indulge in his waking dreams: he fancied his Phillis beside him; he imagined he pleaded his passion to her; that he pressed her hand; he attempted to embrace her; she would have fled, but he sunk at her feet, and detained her by her robe: she smiled sweetly on him;—and the lovely vision vanished. He started, and recollected with inexpressible grief that his beloved was far from him: tears gushed into his eyes: hastily rising, he ran to the shore, and seizing a little boat, he passed over the stream to seek his fair one: he ascended a hill, and gazed on the valley below, eager to discover her; he wandered through the meads, and by the streams; but at length returned comfortless and unsuccessful to his hut.

"Shall I ever seek thee in vain?" at length he exclaimed. "I will search every thicket and dell; I will wander every meadow and hill. Ah Heavens! what happiness if I should at length discover thee.

"What

"What tree now overshadows thee, my beloved? what soft zephyr cools thee, and waves thy long loose tresses? Dost thou slumber by the stream? Flow soft, ye waves! disturb not her rest; disturb her not, if she dreams of me: but if the image of some other shepherd appears before her; awaken her, Oh stream! with the loud rush of thy waters. Heavens! if she should dream of—if she should love another, if that slender arm should support another's head, or that rosy cheek be pressed by any lip but mine. Gods! what would then become of me? I would fly, I would forsake for ever the haunts of men; and live and die in some solitary cave."

Already from the blooming spring-time till harvest, had he suffered all the torments of love. All nature appeared to rejoice, but Daphnis was still sad. The tanned reapers now repaired singing to the ripe waving corn, and Daphnis prepared to assist them in their labors, as it was customary for the swains at harvest-time, to leave to a few shepherds the care of the flocks. One half of them were employed in reaping the ripe yellow corn, and the other in binding it into sheaves: at noon-

tide

tide and at evening they assembled under the shade of a tree, to refresh themselves after their toil, and sung harvest-hymns in praise of Ceres, while the flowing goblet passed merrily round.

The reapers thus began, "Thou wheat-"crowned Goddess, fair-haired Ceres! Thanks "for the rich harvest, for the ripened grain." The binders of the sheaves continued, "Ye "merry reapers! faint not with your toil, nor "rest reclining on your crooked sickles: let not "us who bind your sheaves, stand inactive on "the field." The reapers then sung, "Ye cool "zephyrs! forsake not the field, but wave our "flowing hair, and fan us as we toil. Thou "merry grasshopper! sing thy chearful song, "and frolic around us: and thou soul-reviving "cup! be never empty during the scorching "heats of noon. When thou arrivest, mild "evening, on thy dewy wings, may'st thou find "the plain naked and bare, and joyfully may "we return over the short stubble to our "peaceful homes."

All the swains now joined in the chorus, "Thou wheat-crowned Ceres, fair-haired God-"dess!

" dess! thanks for the rich harvest, for the " ripened grain."

Thus sung the shepherds; " Daphnis!" (at length they said) " thou art not merry, thou dost not join in the chorus:" but Daphnis was silent and sighed.

The fields were now bare; the ploughmen and the sowers repaired to them; and the shepherds returned to the care of their flocks. One day as Daphnis sat alone by the stream, he heard at a distance the sound of a flute; the music was sweeter than any he ever heard, and while he listened to it, a tender and delightful pleasure filled his breast. The nearer the soft tones approached, the greater was his delight; his bosom beat high with sweet emotions; his sheep forgot their pasture to listen; the birds were hushed on the leafy boughs, and all nature appeared wrapt in silent and delighted attention. While Daphnis, scarcely breathing, listened to the strain, he perceived a little boy approaching him, playing on a flute. He was lovely as a dewy rose-bud; no vest concealed his beautiful form, or shaded his round and snowy limbs. A sweet and

and infantine smile played on his coral lips, and a garland of roses was entwined among the light and luxuriant locks which curled over his face.

Daphnis sat, overpowered by a gentle awe, as the child approached him, and said, "Good shepherd! ferry me over the stream." Daphnis unloosed the vessel and they entered it; the waves which were wont to oppose its course, now gently dashing, played against its sides. They had soon passed over the stream, and the child, springing on the shore, thus addressed the astonished Daphnis. "Shepherd! I am "Cupid, the God of Love; go yonder where "the stream rushes among the willows; fol- "low its winding course through the thicket; "and thy labour will be richly rewarded."

He spoke, and vanished: and where he disappeared, a blooming rose-tree instantly sprung. Daphnis trembled, and remained lost in astonishment. At length, recovering himself, he left the sacred spot, and running to the source of the stream, full of anxiety and emotion he pressed through the tangled foliage of the thicket. "If I should find

find my beloved!" said he, "but alas? how have I deserved such a reward?—If I should find my Phillis!"—Thus he spoke, as breathless he rushed forward, and tore asunder the tangling branches that opposed his passage. The thicket now opened into a little sequestered spot, through which the stream ran murmuring, overshadowed by perfumed shrubs, and bordered with the sweetest flowers. His rapid glance did not wander long over the beauties of the scene; he beheld his Phillis:—she was reclining pensively by the stream; her arm supported her head. "If he were here, (she said in plaintive accents) "if he were here, I "would entwine this garland round his tem- "ples: Ah! how I love thee! I would say to "him: but he is far, far from me; I will scatter "these flowers on the winds." She destroyed the garland, and attempted to wipe away the tears that bedewed her eyes. At this moment a rustling among the shrubs behind her alarmed her; she looked round, and beheld Daphnis. Oh Heavens! she cried, overcome with confusion and rising: she stood trembling like the tender aspen in the gentle gale. He flew towards her; she drew back: he took her hand and pressed it to his lips: he sighed, but could

could not speak: his love-beaming eyes were fixed upon her, with a look, in which all the unutterable rapture of his soul was portrayed. Phillis stood silent; her heart beat, and heavy sighs heaved her youthful bosom. "Phillis! at length he cried, Phillis! I am too weak to support this emotion; what have I not suffered since I first saw thee? I have beheld but thee in the plains, but thee in the thickets; thee only when I slept, thee only when I awoke. My felicity will equal the Gods if thou canst love me!"

"Daphnis!" sighed Phillis, while tears bedewed her downcast eyes, "Oh! how I "love thee!" Daphnis caught her to his bosom, and kissed the pearly drops from her blushing cheeks. They remained long unable to speak, while she leant on his bosom, and his trembling arms enfolded her.

By degrees, these violent emotions yielded to a sweeter and more tranquil pleasure; as the roses and carnations, agitated by a recent thunder-storm, at length cease to tremble, and waft again their balmy perfumes around.—Thus the lovers recovered; and seated by

the stream, he related to her how often he had passed over the river; how he had sought her on the shore and by the streams, and had always returned comfortless and unsuccessful. Phillis blushing confessed to him, that ever since the festival of the nymphs, she had loved him; that she had wandered pensively on the banks, and mourned, and wept in the solitary groves. Daphnis described Cupid's appearing to him in the thicket; he told how he had ferried the God over the stream, how roses had sprung up in the place where he disappeared; and how he had directed him to the spot where Phillis lay.

While thus they sat, indulging in sweet converse and gentle caresses, the moon-beams glittering on the stream, reminded them that it was time to separate. "And must we part "so soon," said Daphnis, sighing, and without attempting to rise. "Farewell my best "beloved," said Phillis, "I must, I must "leave thee;" she kissed him, and rose to depart, but stood still lingering by him. "Ah! "I must go," said Daphnis, embracing her: at length they separated, each looking back to gaze on the other, till both were out of sight.

sight. The enraptured Daphnis returned to the shore; he kissed the rose which bloomed on the spot where Cupid had vanished; he ascended the vessel, and sung as it gently floated over the stream. Never had his heart felt so light, so joyous; his voice appeared too weak to express his gaiety and pleasure.

Daphnis was now once more, the gayest of the shepherds; he sung them merry songs, he played on the flute, and joined in all their sports. But as soon as the fervid heat of noon yielded to the coolness of evening, he resigned the care of his flock to a trusty swain, he ascended the boat, and repaired to the lonely stream, where Phillis ever impatiently waited to receive him. The more they saw of each other, the more they became attached; they believed themselves the happiest of mortals; they told each a thousand times over how much they loved; yet each conceived there could be no greater pleasure than in hearing it, and repeating it. They taught each other new songs as they sat in the shade; Phillis sang, and Daphnis believed that the nightingale's notes were not sweeter, and when he played on the flute, Phillis doubted if Pan

himself could breathe forth more harmonious sounds. Sometimes they related stories to each other: while Phillis was speaking, Daphnis listened attentively, or played with the ribbons which fluttered on her breast, or gazed on her till he forgot what she was repeating, and disturbed the relation with his kisses. While Daphnis spoke, Phillis was employed in entwining a garland round his temples; and sometimes as she gazed at him to see how it became him, he broke off his tale, or lost all the connexion of it.

Often did they repair to Cupid's rose-bush; they esteemed it sacred; and protected it from the caterpillars and other insects; they supported its straggling branches with slender poles; and sung under its shade, hymns in praise of their benefactor.

Daphnis one day caught a little bird, and brought it to Phillis, who received the present with delight, and gave him a kiss in return. She placed it on her hand, and held its slender legs lightly between her fingers; the bird fluttered its variegated wings, and chirped plaintively, as if to call its companions.

Would'st

Vol. 3 Page 10.

Published March 9th 1802, by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

" Would'st thou leave me, and return to the grove? said she; whom art thou calling? Alas! how sad thou appearest. Dost thou call thy mate? Yes, he is calling his beloved; he mourns for her; and perhaps now she is anxiously seeking him. Ah! Daphnis, we will not afflict them; I will let him go." So saying, she opened her hand, and set him at liberty. The bird flew singing from tree to tree, and Phillis pursued him anxiously with her eyes, fearful he might not find his mate. A moment after, Daphnis turning to gaze on her, beheld her eyes fixed on the ground, and bedewed with tears: alarmed, he threw himself beside her, he took her hand. " Oh Daphnis!" said she sighing, " if I should one day lose thee!" Daphnis pressed her to his bosom, and felt his heart sadden at the thought.

One day when they were seated by the stream, the clouds suddenly gathered over their heads, and a heavy shower began to fall. They rose hastily, and driving Phillis's flock before them, took shelter in a high-arched grot, whose entrance was overgrown with the creeping ivy. Daphnis perceived in the centre of the cave a cypress tree, and near it, there gushed

gushed forth a little stream; he gazed on it with astonishment, and imagined it must be the grotto of some nymph or some divinity. The lovers smiled, confused, on each other, when they perceived another shepherd there; he sat by the sedge which waved over the stream, and was employed in making flutes and pipes of its reeds. "Welcome! fair maiden," said he, "and thou too, young swain! perhaps ye "would have preferred to find yourselves alone "here. Ah! many a frolic sport has Cupid "witnessed beneath this cool arch; but I "will retire," "No, shepherd," interrupted Phillis, blushing deeply, "we only took shel- "ter here from the rain, and—" Daphnis now coming forward said, "Art thou making "flutes?" "Yes," answered the shepherd, "and they are the best in the whole country; "every swain is eager to have one of them; "a shepherd gave me yesterday two goats for "one; I can imitate the notes of the birds, "and even of the nightingale so well upon it, "that they forsake the lofty trees, and perch "upon the branches of that under which I "play." Daphnis took up one of the flutes; "I will play the song of Chloe," said he, "and do thou sing it, my Phillis."

"Thou

" Thou sun-burnt shepherd!" sang Phillis, with a voice sweeter than the notes of the flute, " Thou sun-burnt shepherd, who keepest " thy flocks yonder in the pine-wood, Ah! " when I pass by thee in search of a sheep I " have not lost, when I glance side-ways at " thee from under my garland, and smile so " kindly on thee as I greet thee, why, Oh! " why canst thou not understand me? To- " day when I beheld myself in the clear " water, and glanced side-ways from under " my garland, as I glance at thee, and smiled " kindly on my own image, as I smile on thee, " I could not help owning to myself that my " rosy lips are lovely; that my dark hazle eyes " might teach thee much, much, thou coy " shepherd! which thou dost not understand. " Tell me, ye nymphs! tell me, Cupid! how " can I better explain to him that I love him?"

" Thou hast sung that song incomparably," said the shepherd to Phillis, " and he has played it as well; by Pan! I do not think I could have played it better myself. I will give thee the flute as thy reward; it is worth a full grown goat. But tell me, do you know the song which begins, ' Ye maidens! who

' feign

'feign yourselves coy.'—'Tis an old song, and known now to very few shepherds. It is called the song of Næthus; for it is the history of a river-god; and this grotto is named the cave of Næthus, because the circumstances happened on this spot." Daphnis begged the shepherd to play over the strain to him; and he, taking the flute, produced from it notes sweet as the nightingale's. "Now I can play the song," said Daphnis, "and do thou, shepherd! sing it."

The youth thus began; "Ye maidens! "who feign yourselves coy, while your bo- "soms tremble with love and emotion; hear "how a dissembling nymph was punished by "the Gods; Oh! listen to the song of Næ- "thus.

"Næthus reclined on his mossy urn be- "neath the waters, when a sudden swell and "tumult of the waves arouzed him, and rais- "ing his sedge-crowned head, he beheld a "nymph who had just descended into the "stream. How beautiful art thou! he softly "said; how fair, how round are thy limbs: "the waves delighted, play over thy snowy "bosom,

" bosom, and embrace thy slender waist.
" Loveliest of nymphs!—he sighed, and rising,
" approached the shore. The nymph beheld
" him, and flew: he pursued her, swift as a
" young roe: she passed light as a zephyr,
" over the grass and flowers: panting for
" breath, he could scarce exclaim, Oh fair
" one! why dost thou fly me? The nymph
" took shelter in the grotto: wherefore did'st
" thou not pursue thy way through the
" thicket, thou coy one?

" Næthus pursued her into the cave, and
" fancied he already clasped her. 'Gods!'
" cried the nymph. 'Save me, protect me!
" let me become a cypress.' Scarce were the
" words pronounced, when her feet became
" rooted in the earth; she trembled, chil-
" led with horror and dismay, when she
" perceived the bark rapidly encreasing, and
" at length advancing to enclose her bosom;
" 'Alas!' sighed she, wringing her almost life-
" less hands, 'ye Gods! wherefore did ye so
" instantly listen to the prayer of despair? Ah
" Næthus!' Oh nymph! sighed the river-
" god, clasping the trunk in his arms; she at-
" tempted to embrace him, but in vain; her

" leaves

" leaves shook with a dying tremor.—The
" river-god beheld her disappear, and over-
" come with grief and rage stamped on the
" rocky floor; he stamped, and a limpid stream
" gushed beneath his feet.

" Ye nymphs! who feign yourselves coy,
" while your bosoms tremble with love and
" emotion, have ye heard how the Gods
" punished a dissembling nymph? have ye
" listened with attention to the song of Næ-
" thus?"

So sung the shepherd, and Daphnis and Phillis listened enraptured. Is this the grotto, this the cypress and the stream? said Daphnis. Yes, answered the shepherd, this is the very cypress and the stream. I fancied, said Phillis, that while you sung, the cypress waved gently its leaves.—While they thus conversed, evening unperceived came on.

Daphnis one evening arriving at the stream, found Phillis not yet there. To deceive his impatience, he employed himself in carving their names on the bark of a tree; he played on his flute, and at length climbed up a high tree,

tree, and attempted, but in vain, to discover her.—Then descending, he strayed anxiously musing around. At last he perceived her approaching; no garland confined her hair, which floated dishevelled on her shoulders; she walked slowly, and with her eyes fixed on the ground; she was pale and altered. Daphnis started when he saw her; his heart beat, he approached her trembling, and took her hand, which sunk languidly into his; his tongue failed him, he had not courage to inquire into their misfortune. Her eyes, bedewed with tears, were fixed upon him, with an expression of the tenderest sorrow and affection. "My Daphnis!" at length she cried sobbing;—a flood of tears interrupted her speech. Daphnis trembled. "In the name of all the Gods!" exclaimed he, Phillis! what misfortune has befallen thee? Speak, I conjure thee by our mutual affection! "Daphnis," answered she, "I must, I must love another." An icy chillness passed through his veins; cold dews covered his fore-head; he stood pale and trembling. "Yes, Daphnis," she continued, "I must love Lamon, the rich swain, whose herds cover whole pastures. Alas! I must love him; he has offered his largest meadow, and his most numerous flock to my mother,

mother, and demands me as his bride. And that dear mother, Daphnis! who thinks herself happy only when I am so, imagines that these will constitute my happiness, and will, will have me love him." Thus she spoke, and mixed her tears with Daphnis's. "But Daphnis," said she at length, "do not weep; how can I love another? though his flocks and herds were to cover whole vallies, they could not make him pleasing in my sight; no, Daphnis! 'tis thou alone who art worthy to be loved; thy gentleness, thy mildness, thy virtues, make thee so; I will ever love thee;" she said and embraced him. "But ah! then shall I be disobedient to the best of parents; then shall I disturb the peace of her age with care and anxiety. Daphnis! I am miserable; unhappy if I disobey; equally wretched if I am obedient."

"Oh Phillis!" said Daphnis, overcome with inexpressible anguish, "yet be virtuous, be obedient; the Gods will behold thy sacrifice; they will reward thee. I will go.—I will see thee no more, but drag on the remainder of my life a prey to grief and despair."

They

They were both silent; tears and sighs prevented their speech; at length, pressing him to her bosom, Phillis said, "My Daphnis, recollect thyself; we may still love each other. I will throw myself at my mother's feet; I will embrace her knees. I will kneel there so long, I will shed so many tears there, that overcome by my entreaties, she will at length consent to our attachment. "Yes, Phillis!" said Daphnis, reviving at the thoughts, "embrace her knees, weep, bathe her feet with thy tears, and never, never leave her till she has granted our wishes. Oh! surely she will pity thee, surely she will mix her tears with thine, and touched with compassion, consent to our love."

This hope delighted them; they smiled again, and embraced each other with all the ardour of lovers who have long been separated. Daphnis departed full of hope and impatience; ere half the following day was passed he had crossed the river. Phillis was already waiting for him by the stream; he sprang to her, and kissed her, her smiling eye presaged good tidings; they seated themselves on the grass. "Daphnis!" exclaimed she, "we are happy! yesterday evening, when I returned, I found my

my mother in the vine-covered porch before our hut; she was employed in binding up the straggling tendrils by moon-light. I approached her and kissed her. Welcome, dearest child, said she.—She then asked me if I had given water to the flock? thou wilt soon have a numerous flock, continued she; Lamon is the richest of all the neighbouring shepherds. I started, and wept; the vine branches fell from her hand, "Whereof dost thou weep, my beloved child?"—my tears flowed the faster; I answered sobbing, Ah! mother, dearest mother, be not angry; I cannot love Lamon; I love already a youth who lives on the opposite shore; the best, the most virtuous of shepherds. I said, and hid my face in her bosom, and wept. His flock is small, continued I, but certainly he is the loveliest, the most virtuous swain—Here I was silent, and raising my eyes streaming with tears, I perceived that her's were moistened: she gave me her hand, and gently desired me to rise. No! Phillis, said she, no, I will not selfishly oppose thy affection; but love is deceiving, my child! I cannot give my consent till I have seen thy beloved; till I have informed myself whether he is really as virtuous as thou believest

lievest him. On my decision the happiness of thy whole life depends: virtue alone can secure it. Thus she spoke, and I promised I would bring thee to our hut." Daphnis sprang up, transported with joy, and clasped his beloved in his arms.

"But hear me, my Phillis! thy mother knows now of our love: but art thou quite sure I shall please her when thou lead'st me to her cottage?" "Oh yes," answered Phillis, "I am certain, quite certain." "But," continued Daphnis, "my old father is still unacquainted with it; I will go and confide it to him. Come, my beloved Phillis, come with me; I will shew thee to him; when he sees thee, I am sure he will say, 'Daphnis! thou hast chosen well."

Phillis consented, and desired Daphnis to gather her some flowers, that she might deck herself with a fresh garland. Daphnis went, and collected flowers from the side of the stream, and from the shrubs, and in the mean time Phillis washed her face in the clear water. Daphnis soon returned with a hat full of flowers; some were white as snow, others variegated

ted with many colours; some were blue as the clear Heaven, or bright gold-coloured like the stars, and some crimson like Phillis's lips. He poured the flowers into her lap, and seated himself by her. She began to weave the garland, and placed the variegated flowers in the most pleasing order; in the mean time he arranged her long loose tresses, and decked her white bosom with roses. Phillis was now crowned, and Daphnis thought he had never seen her look so lovely. He leaped for joy as he led her to the shore; they ascended the little vessel, and soon passed over the stream.

He conducted her to his hut: "I will go in first," said he; "do thou, my love, wait for me in this porch, I will soon return, and lead thee to my father."

He entered the cottage, but stood confused and blushing when he saw the old man. "Dearest father! I love"—he hesitated, and was silent. "Thou lovest," said the old man holding out his hand to him, "and whom dost thou love, my son?" "Oh! father!" said Daphnis, taking his father's hand, "I love the best, the fairest maiden of the whole

whole country." "Thou art fortunate," answered the old man, "if her beauty has not blinded thee: if she is pious and virtuous, the Gods will behold her from Olympus, and will bless her. But Daphnis! love is deceiving." "No," exclaimed Daphnis, "no, love has not deceived me;" and he sprang to the door, and led in Phillis.

She stood, the image of innocence; a deep blush overspread her smiling face; her modest head was bent to the earth; she scarce dared to raise her eyes, or give one timid glance from beneath the garland that shaded her brow. Daphnis looked now at his father, (and beheld with delight the pleased attention with which the old man surveyed her) and now at Phillis, smiling at the embarrassment which overpowered her. He led her to the old man, and kissed affectionately his hand. "Come, my Phillis!" do thou also kiss the hand of this best of fathers. Phillis pressed the old man's hand to her lips.

The old man, who had been contemplating her with silent astonishment, at length exclaimed, "What traits are these I discover in

thy innocent countenance? My child, are they not the lineaments of Palemon? of that best, that most virtuous of friends. Yes, such was his face in the bloom of youth—he died, Alas! and with him expired half my happiness. "Ah, child! speak, art thou not the daughter of Palemon?"

"I am indeed," answered Phillis, "the daughter of Palemon. Alas! these eyes never beheld my father. He died before I saw the light. My mother loved to mourn beneath the shade of the spreading cypresses which the shepherds had planted over his grave; she watered it daily with her tears, and on that sacred spot I first saw the light."

The old man rose, and fell trembling on Phillis's neck. "My daughter," he exclaimed in broken accents, and sunk powerless back into his seat; he raised his eyes to Heaven, he pressed the maiden's hand, but could not speak, overcome with melancholy, but pleasing emotions. Daphnis beheld him enraptured; he flew to prepare some refreshment for the old man, and for Phillis; he produced

a basket, filled with the finest almonds, apples, oranges, and raisins: he knew not how sufficiently to express his joy; he danced and sung as he fetched the fruit, "Daphnis!" said he to himself, "how happy art thou; no human being ever was so happy." He placed the basket on the table; he obliged Phillis to seat herself between him and the old man, and employed himself in breaking the shells of the finest almonds, and selecting the fairest apples for her. He wished to find some rosy and blooming as her cheeks, when first she entered blushing into the hut.

"How happily" exclaimed the old man, "how happily passed the years in which I was blessed with Palemon's friendship! how excellent, how virtuous he was! He was poor, yet he always shared the little he possessed with me; and no one oftener sacrificed to the Gods: he had scarcely any sheep but such as he had won as the prize of song: in those days none could equal him in singing; and many who came from distant lands to contend with him, returned disappointed and defeated. Candour and sincerity were impressed on his open brow; chearfulness and

content beamed in his eyes: these never even in adversity forsook him, he only wept when he beheld the sufferings of others; he only then felt the bitterness of his poverty, when it deprived him of the power of relieving their distresses.

"Thus virtuous, thus excellent was Palemon; he died, alas! in the summer of his age: the whole neighbourhood mourned; each one appeared to have lost his best friend. Never did I see so many shepherds collected, as assembled that day when his urn was placed on the little hillock: they pressed mournfully around, and each one planted a branch of cypress on the grave: Pan blessed the young shoots, and they soon grew up, and overshadowed the sacred spot. I have still a Goblet which he gave me; he won it as the prize of song; a wreath of fern and of thistles is engraved round its sides: a serpent is entwined among the plants, and rears his coiled tail behind to form the handle. It is a precious memorial of my departed friend, and I never drink from it but on solemn festivals."

So spoke the old man, and Daphnis and Phillis

Phillis listened with pensive attention. In the mean time, mild evening came on, and Phillis prepared to return to her hut. The old man impressed a tender kiss on her white forehead. "Tell thy mother," said he, "that Amyntas still lives: that he will feel his youthful strength renewed, if she will consent that Palemon's daughter should be the wife of his son; should call him father." Phillis now departed, accompanied by her lover. The old man stood at the door of the hut, and pursued them with his eyes, till the spreading branches of the trees closed them from his sight. "Surely," exclaimed he, enraptured, "the happiness of a virtuous son is his father's truest joy, his greatest blessing. What a reward, what a blessed reward for the care he has taken to plant the seeds of virtue in his opening mind: what a joyful harvest! what sweet fruit."

In the mean time Daphnis and Phillis had ascended the vessel; he steered it carefully over the stream, and lifting the maiden out of it, bound it fast to a willow. They sang as they pursued their way, and echo repeated the tender strains. They came now to the open plain where they were to separate. The nightingale

tingale began her song, while they lingered, bidding each other farewell.

Daphnis returned through the thicket, and was about to unloose the boat, when some one called to him from among the willows. "Daphnis! come here." He went, and perceived two shepherds sitting in the shade. "We wish thee to be judge between us," said one of them; "we are going to sing for a prize." I will decide between you, said Daphnis, seating himself beside them.

The first shepherd thus began, "Ye "muses! be propitious to my strains: grant "that I may sing sweeter than the grasshop- "per, or the nightingale. 'Tis Menalcas who "calls on you; Menalcas who never yet failed "to win the prize. When I sing, the mai- "dens stand fixed in mute attention. Menal- "cas! they exclaim, how sweet are thy notes! "But when shall I see thee, my beloved "Rosa! pause to listen? when shall I hear "thy gentle voice exclaim, Menalcas! how "sweet is thy song."

"I know a maiden," said the swain Alexis, "who

" who has scarce seen sixteen summers. How
" slender, how delicate is her form! how dark-
" brown her hair, and snowy-white her fore-
" head!—How dazzling the lustre of her eye,
" how lovely the smile that plays on her rosy
" lips! where art thou bounding now over the
" flowers, sportive and innocent as a new-
" fallen lamb; lovely as in that cool evening
" hour when I first beheld thee, and resigned
" to thee the peace of my breast. Oh! whither
" art thou wandering, light as the bird upon
" the spray?"

Menalcas. " When my dark-eyed Rosa sings,
" the birds listen attentive on the boughs.
" Wherever she goes, the fanning gales at-
" tend her: the fragrant clover springs where-
" ever she sets her foot."

Alexis. " I drive my flock every evening
" to the lake, and bathe them in its pure wa-
" ters. My sheep are white as the swans of the
" stream: I am youthful and comely, thou
" sportive, thou lovely maiden!"

Mendicas. " How soft the breeze of even-
" ing sweeps over the willows! how lovely,

" how

" how tranquil appears the rising moon!—
" Oh! climb not thus on the verge of the pre-
" cipice, ye goats, ye sheep! the ivy and the
" silvery poplar grow here also on this secure
" shore."

Alexis. " How I envy thee, thou little
" lamb, that frolickest around her, and eatest
" the clover from her hand! How I envy thee,
" little robin, who hoppest on the ledge of her
" window, who see'st her morning-sleep, and
" delightest her when she awakes, with thy
" song!—On the spot where I first meet my
" beloved, in the place where I impress the
" first kiss on her lips, I will raise an altar to
" thee, Oh Pan! and yearly sacrifice there
" a sheep to thee."

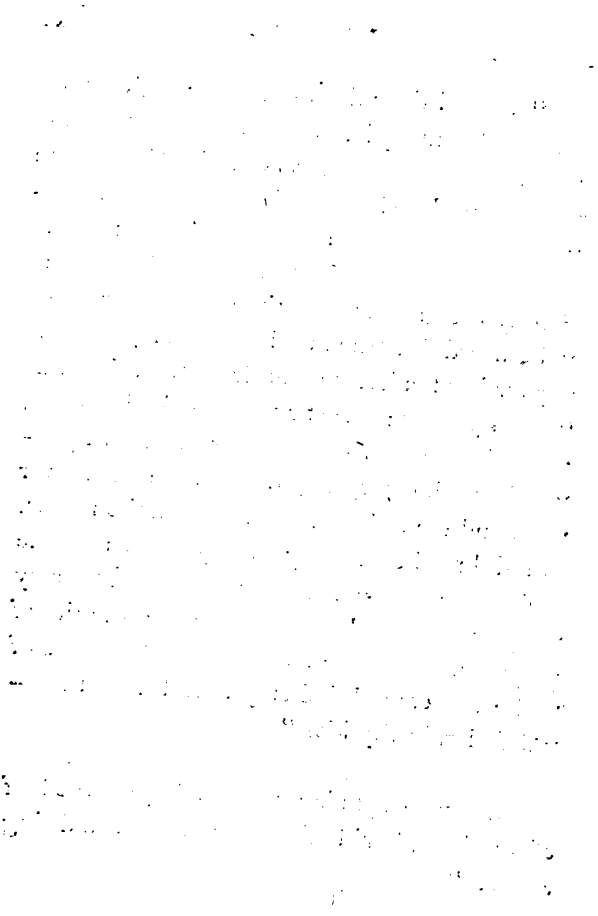
Thus sung the shepherds, and Daphnis said, " Alexis, thou hast gained the prize: thy song is sweeter than the murmur of the brook." Alexis took the goat, which was the allotted prize. " Daphnis!" said he, " I have been told that thou singest well; I will give thee this goat that I have won, if thou wilt sing me a song."—Daphnis joyfully accepted the goat, and thus began.

" Spread

" Spread thy mild beams, in my fair-one's
" path, Oh moon! as pensively she returns to
" her cot;—may no terrors of the night alarm
" thee, my love! may silence and soft moon-
" light attend thee; and no sight or sound
" disturb the thought that dwells on me.
" May the gay notes of the grasshopper alone
" be heard from the mead, and the nightingale
" pour her tenderest strain from the thicket as
" thou passest: sweet and tender be her song,
" as thy thoughts when they rest on me.—
" Where thou art, my love, spring blooms ever
" around me; pleasure smiles from the meads,
" and breathes among the perfumes of the
" flowers: but when thou pressest thy rosy
" lips to mine, I see no more the beauties of
" spring, I perceive no longer the fragrance of
" the flowers: I feel only that I love thee—
" I feel only thy kiss."

So sung Daphnis: " I would give the half of my flock," said Alexis, " that I could sing as well."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



DAPHNIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DAPHNIS took the goat, and placing it in the vessel, pushed off from the shore. His thoughts were so occupied by his Phillis, that he observed not how tempestuously the waves flowed by; he was already in the middle of the stream, when the fury of the current dashed his vessel against a rock, and broke its slender rudder; the goat springing from it, soon reached the shore. Daphnis trembled like the lamb before the hungry lioness: he feared every moment that the fury of the current would drive him against some rock, round which the wild waves roared. But the waters bore him along till he could no longer discover either shore through the darkness of night. He often perceived the glimmering of a light from some cottage,

courage, and called eagerly for assistance, but in vain; the impetuous waves bore him swiftly by. At length he descried a great light, and as he approached it, perceived that it proceeded from a little vessel on the stream. He called aloud for help, and the boat approached him. Two men who were fishing in the river, and who employed this light to dazzle and stupify the fish, received him kindly into their vessel, and rowing immediately to the shore, led him to a hut whose walls were hung with dripping nets. Daphnis found there a venerable old man in the habit of a stranger. "Truly," whispered the fishermen to each other, "we are fortunate to day; the Gods have sent us two guests; we have had twice the pleasure of succouring the distressed." One of them now went to prepare some of the fish they had caught for the strangers, while the other set before them bread and meat, and fresh fruit. The old man courteously invited Daphnis and the fishermen to seat themselves beside him, and pressed Daphnis to relate the circumstances of his shipwreck. The shepherd told how he had been carried away by the waves, and had called in vain for assistance, he described his terror, and his pleasure when he perceived the

the light from the vessel. They sat engaged in friendly conversation till the other fisherman returned with the fish he had dressed, and placing it on the table, pressed the guests to eat with cordial hospitality. "Father (said the fisherman, when they had finished their meal) thy dress is costly and strange;—thy manner of speaking different from ours: thy misfortunes must have brought thee from some distant country." The old man was silent and sighed: "Friend!" at length he said, "the place from whence I come is not very distant; I am a native of Croton,* and sat once in its senate. But alas! the legislators, who ought to be the protectors of religion and justice, have abandoned themselves to voluptuousness, have corrupted the manners of the people, and sacrificed equity and virtue to their selfishness, and to their crimes. The infatuated people do not perceive these injuries; they pray for those who have ruined them. I stood forward in the cause of virtue and justice; the senators hated me and combined against me; and the calumnies they spread among the people,

* A town on the Ionic sea.

ple, at length induced them to banish me from the place of my birth. Great Gods! if any calamity is impending over that unhappy people, avert it!—let it not descend upon them."

The old man sighed, and sunk into a fit of melancholy contemplation. The others, touched with compassion, were silent: they were shocked to hear that a place existed where virtue is insecure; for it is painful to the good to be informed of the wickedness of their fellow creatures. The fishermen strove to comfort their guest and to cheer him with gay conversation, and the relation of merry stories, till they all retired to take their needful rest.

With Daphnis the night did not pass tranquilly away; he thought of his father, and felt for his anxiety: he considered how uneasy his Phillis would be when the next noon arrived, and it was impossible for him to meet her. "As soon as the morning dawns," said he, "I will return."

The morning sun had scarce beamed on the low-roofed cottage, when they were all assembled.

assembled. The old man took up his staff, and embraced the two fishermen: "The Gods will reward your benevolence," said he. Daphnis too, bade them farewell, and accompanied the stranger along the banks of the stream. He walked slowly, and attended him carefully, and when the old man was wearied, Daphnis besought him to lean upon him. Noon-day came, and he looked around for some shady place where he might rest; he led him to an elm-tree, and left him under its shade, while he went in search of some fruit for his refreshment. As soon as he had recovered from his fatigue, they pursued their way, and as the shades of evening fell, Daphnis pointed out to his companion, the little dwelling at a distance, where Amyntas sat by the glimmering light of a lamp, overcome with fear and anxiety for his son. The tender father started, enraptured when he perceived Daphnis and the stranger at the door of the hut. "Welcome! Oh! welcome, my son," said he, as he fell on his neck: "how anxiously have the last night and this day passed with me!" He then welcomed the stranger: and Daphnis told him how his little vessel had been carried away by the waves, and how the fishermen had

had saved him: he related the history of the old man, and described how carefully he had led him along the banks of the stream. The father listened with delight, to these proofs of the feeling, and of the virtue of his son.

"Friend!" said Amyntas to the stranger, "may all with which the Gods have endowed me, serve for thy comfort and refreshment; thy dwelling be beneath my roof! Thus saying, he led him to a seat covered with warm skins; he placed his staff in the corner, and begging him to be comforted, he seated himself beside him. "What a delight it is," exclaimed the stranger, "to dwell among the good: benevolent friend! the virtues which I sought in vain in the place of my birth, I find beneath thy humble roof." "Consider it not so great a merit to succour the distressed;" (answered Amyntas) "he were a monster who could refuse to do so. For what other purpose do the Gods protect my cottage, and prosper my trees? Why else have they bestowed on me this hut in which there is room and shelter for so many beside myself; or that profusion of rich fruit which weighs my loaded branches to the earth." While he thus spoke, Daphnis covered

vered the table with bread, and milk, and ripe fruit.

They soon retired to rest: Daphnis dreamt of his Phillis till the early sounds of the flutes blown by the shepherds, as they led their flocks to the pastures, awakened him. He grieved that it was not yet noon, and taking negligently his flute, he drove his little flock to the meadows. He avoided the other swains, and seated himself by a brook, under the gloomy shade of some willows. He sat, anxiously counting the slow minutes, while his flock grazed around him. Sometimes he played a tender strain upon the flute; then, suddenly breaking off, he sighed, and gazed impatiently at the sun: at one moment he played with his sheep, and caressing them, encouraged them to eat out of his hand; in the next, he seized his flute again; and sighing, again gazed on the sun, impatient and discontented to see it still so high in the Heavens.

Aristus, (that was the name of the stranger) had in the mean time wandered from the hut to view the country; he ascended the hill,

and gazed on the wide-spread landscape, brightened by the morning-sun; he beheld with delight the tufted hillocks, the blue, distant mountains, the wide and level plains, and the meadows covered by waving grain, or shaded by innumerable fruit-trees: the scattered thickets and dells, and the forests of pine and oak that reared their majestic heads to the Heavens, and appeared to defy the storms. At a distance he heard the loud rushing of a torrent, which foamed over shaggy rocks and precipices; and nearer, the low murmuring of a stream, which wandered through the grass: the warbling of numerous birds, who sung from the dewy sprays, or in the clear blue air, was blended with the soft tones of the shepherd's flutes, and of the maiden's voices who tended their flocks on the hills, or in the grassy vales around.

The delighted eyes of the old man now wandered on the wide-spread prospect, and now rested on the fragrant herbs and flowers that sprung beneath his feet. "Oh nature," at length he exclaimed, "how lovely art thou; how beautiful in innocent simplicity, undisguised and unperverted by the art and the

the vanity of discontented man! How happy is the shepherd, unknown to the great, who in those smiling plains enjoys all the blessings that bounteous nature bestows, and practises, unremarked, all those virtues which we expect in vain from the proud conqueror, and the renowned monarch. Oh welcome! ye peaceful vales, ye woods, ye meads, ye temples of silent meditation and tranquillity. How lovely ye smile, gilt by the morning beams! joy and innocence sport on these flowery plains: peace and contentment dwell in those humble huts; they wander through the woods and by the stream, or rest under the thick shade of the fruit-laden trees. Forgive me, just Gods, if I wept, if I repined, as I bid adieu to the proud towers of Croton. Oh! who could look back for the last time on his native walls, nor sigh, nor shed a tear to quit them for ever? Your wisdom has conducted me through dark and rugged paths to plains of happiness and peace. Ye streams! I will repose on your mossy banks. Ye trees! receive me beneath your cooling shade; ye cottages! admit a hapless stranger, who desires only to spend the few remaining years of his grey age, with your humble inhabitants. I will pass the rest

of my days, Oh nature! in the contemplation, in the enjoyment of thy charms: I will return thanks to the Gods for an unspotted conscience, pure as the blue sky when no cloud deforms it; calm as the clear stream, when not a wave ruffles its surface. My life shall glide away like yon peaceful brook; gently shall it decay like the fading rose, which to its latest hour exhales sweet perfumes; till at length the zephyr sweeps over its withering leaves:—and it is no more!"

Thus did the old man pour forth the effusions of his gratitude and emotion; he surveyed the beauteous landscape once more, with eyes in which tears of pleasure trembled, and descending the hill, with slow steps returned to the cottage. Daphnis and his father received him with cordial hospitality; their humble noon-day meal was now ready: they seated themselves at the table. Daphnis's hunger was soon appeased; he left the two old men engaged in friendly converse, and hastened over the stream to his Phillis. He soon reached the brook, but found her not: he looked around; and how great was his consternation so perceive, that the names he had carved

carved on the bark, were erased. "Gods!" exclaimed he, "If this should be a presage of misfortune? Ah! if no evil threaten my Phillis—but where is she? I fear—I tremble." As he thus spoke, Lamon came suddenly from the thicket. "What wouldest thou here, Daphnis?" said he, "whom seekest thou? Phillis perhaps? Oh! thou expectest her in vain: Phillis no longer loves thee; thou turnest pale! inconstant fair one; she no longer loves thee, I have at length gained her heart; and I have given her my numerous flocks, my fertile meads, and she loves me: the beautiful Phillis loves me. Look at the bark of yon tree on which our united names are engraved: at sun-rise this morning Phillis and I repaired here and cut them. "Farewell Daphnis!" said she, as she erased the traces thou hadst made. "Daphnis, farewell! I will destroy every memorial of thee." Daphnis had scarce heard the half of this speech: he stood the image of despair; his limbs trembled, and cold damps bedewed his forehead. He would have fallen, if Lamon had not supported him, and led him to the shore. "I will conduct thee from this fatal spot:" said Lamon, "here, ascend thy vessel, good shepherd: the Gods have perhaps destined

destined some other happiness for thee; I pity thee from my heart, poor swain." He said, and departed.

Daphnis stood long senseless and immovable; like one awaking from some horrible dream, who shuddering, cannot at first convince himself that it was only a dream: his heart beat quick, and heavy sighs broke from his oppressed bosom: a flood of tears at length gave some relief to his anguish: he threw himself on the ground. "She is faithless (exclaimed he) she is faithless! and I am miserable for ever. She, who wept in my arms when she told me of her mother's partiality for Lamon. Cruel woman! would I had died in the hour that I first embraced thee; cursed be the day in which I first saw thee;—to my eternal regret and misfortune, saw thee. But no! the passion which thou hast so cruelly rewarded, will at length be eradicated from my heart; contempt and aversion will take its place; contempt for a maiden who could prefer a flock of sheep to the tenderness, to the affection of an artless youth." While he thus spoke, inspired by resentment, he imagined his passion would be easily subdued; but his anger

anger soon yielded to melancholy and tender recollections—" How happy had I been, thou cruel maiden, hadst thou been true to me. What mortal could have compared his bliss to mine? Now, I am the most wretched of human beings. Every object around me is gloomy and melancholy; the murmuring of the brook will no more delight me; the gay songs of the birds will only encrease my sadness; the scorching heat of the sun, or the coolness of the shade, will now be alike indifferent to me; my sheep will wander forsaken by their shepherd; he will never take care of them, or of himself again. I will return to the stream which has so often witnessed our affection; I will shed my last tears on that fatal spot." Thus mourned the shepherd, and returned to the brook.

" 'Twas here," said he, " that I have spent so many happy hours with thee! 'Twas here, reclining by this brook, that I first found thee; and here, Oh! here is the bark which bore thy name; erased now by thy own hand. Is it possible that it can be true?—If Lamon should have deceived me?—delightful thought; yet let me not be deluded by a false hope: I

was

was not worthy of thee, Phillis! is not Lamon more deserving than I am? I was not worthy of thee. Oh! Lamon, forgive the thought that would unjustly deem thee a deceiver:" —a sudden rustling among the shrubs caught his attention; he looked round, and beheld Phillis. He trembled: she turned pale, and with averted eyes, "What wouldst thou here Daphnis?" she said, "I should not have come hither if I had expected to meet thee. I will go; I can look another time for the ribbon I have lost." "Dost thou regret thou must see me once more?" said Daphnis. She stooped, as if to search for the ribbon; and Daphnis, scarce conscious what he did, employed himself also in seeking for it.

"It is the ribbon that thou gavest me; that I have so often worn in my hair; keep it, if thou findest it; thou canst present it to thy new love." "My ribbon was too plain a one for thee:" said Daphnis, "Lamon can give thee a richer: perhaps it lies hid under yonder tree;" (pointing to that from which the names had been erased.) He could not utter another syllable, his voice was choaked by grief. She was silent, and continued her search; but at length,

length, as she pursued it, came imperceptibly nearer Daphnis: he heard her sigh; he looked up, and beheld her face bathed in tears. "Thou weepest! Oh faithless one!" said Daphnis, "And thou, inconstant shepherd, thy tears flow: they flow at the sight of a maiden whom thou hast rendered wretched, inexpressibly wretched." She concealed her face with her hands; her bosom sobbed almost to bursting. Daphnis approached her, he took her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and bedewed it with his tears. "Phillis," he said, "my faithless, my beloved Phillis!—thou weepest, Oh weep over my misery."

"Thou cruel one!" said Phillis, with a look in which sorrow and resentment were blended, "how canst thou upbraid me with falsehood? I, who loved thee above all human beings; whom thou has rendered wretched, whom thou hast deserted for another? "I faithless! I untrue to thee!" exclaimed Daphnis. "Ye Gods! witness my constancy. My Phillis! is it possible that thou are innocent, that thou dost not love Lamon? deceive me not, Phillis! did'st thou not erase our names from yon tree? Lamon found me at noon by this

this brook, whom dost thou seek? said he, Phillis? Oh! she loves thee no longer; I have gained her heart: she herself erased thy name from the bark, to destroy, she said, every memorial of thee."

Phillis stood fixed in astonishment: at length throwing herself on Daphnis's neck, "We have been deceived, my beloved!" she said, "we have been cruelly deceived. Yesterday as I wept under that tree, grieved that thou did'st not arrive, I suddenly perceived that our names, which had been engraven on the bark, were effaced. I trembled with fear and astonishment: I was ready to sink into the earth. At that moment, Lamon advanced from the thicket. "Unhappy Phillis," he said, "thou seekest Daphnis: thou art alarmed to find the names erased: thou art yet unacquainted with the dreadful intelligence, which I have to communicate; thou know'st not yet that Daphnis is faithless to thee. He came here yesterday, accompanied by his new love: he destroyed the traces on the bark, "Phillis!" he said, I will forget thee, forget thee for ever." I heard, and sunk senseless to the earth. Lamon supported me: Unhappy maid, said he, "let

" let me conduct thee to thy hut: thy faithless lover is not worth thy tears. Oh Phillis! if thou could'st love me, all I possess should be thine, my fields, my flocks." So spoke the deceiver, and led me to my cottage. I wept, Daphnis! I wept the whole night through, Oh! what did I not suffer. I determined to come this evening to this spot: I will go, I will weep by the brook where I have listened so often to the protestations of his love: I came, and found thee here: my whole frame trembled, and yet I felt delighted to meet thee once again. I pretended I only came to seek my ribbon, I feigned myself angry. Alas how painful, how insupportable was the deception. My tears soon flowed: thou could'st not behold them unmoved: what hapiness! to be again restored to each other."

" Mean and cruel deceiver!" exclaimed Daphnis, " how fortunate that we were not longer separated by his arts!" They embraced each other tenderly. " My Phillis! canst thou forgive me, for having for a moment believed thee inconstant?" " Oh Daphnis! canst thou pardon me for so readily imagining thee faithless? for having pretented to be angry

angry with thee?"—Their tears and kisses spoke the rest, and completed their delighted reconciliation.

Phillis enquired why he had not met her the day before at the brook; and Daphnis told how he had been carried away by the fury of the stream. Phillis trembled: he related how kindly he had been received by the benevolent fishermen: she returned thanks to the Gods, and prayed them to bless the benevolent men. He related to her the history of the venerable old man who had been banished from the place of his birth; how he had brought him from the fishermen's to his father's hut. Phillis, touched with pity for the old man, and delighted with the benevolence and the sensibility of her lover, embraced him, enraptured. Had it been possible for her affection to encrease, she would have loved him better than ever. She told him that she had acquainted her mother with her visit to his father's hut: described how her mother had wept when she heard of Amyntas, and how she had enjoined her to bring Daphnis to their cottage.

"Come

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Drawn by J. Stothard R.A. Engraved by B. H. Clemens

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"Come with me immediately, dearest Daphnis," said Phillis, pressing his hand to her bosom. "My beloved," answered Daphnis, "I am the happiest of human beings: Oh! how could I ever entertain a doubt of thy affection?"

They passed through the thicket to Phillis's hut: scarce had they reached the green porch that led to it, when Phillis, bounding forward, exclaimed, "Dearest Mother! here is my Daphnis." The venerable matron advanced with smiles of pleasure to meet him. "Oh! son of the most virtuous, of the best of friends, welcome! how fortunate has been your meeting with my daughter; the Gods have designed you for one another. They will shower down blessings on you." She obliged Daphnis to seat himself between her and Phillis at a little table on which the latter had placed figs, pomegranates, and grapes. Phillis selected the most beautiful clusters for her lover, and divided with him the fairest fruits. The mother gazed on them delighted, and at length fixed, that in three days, and before the vintage began, Hymen should unite them for ever: the leaves were already red and yellow,

yellow, and the ripe clusters smiled, and invited the hand of the husbandman.

The enraptured Daphnis embraced his Phillis: "Oh! how joyful shall I be, when I perceive the first rosy beams of that morning dawn."

"My beloved children!" exclaimed the mother, as she pressed their hands in hers, "the comfort and joy of my age! what bliss will it be to me, in the few years that remain for me, to behold your happiness. In a fortunate hour did ye meet, my children. Thou mightest otherwise, my Phillis, through affection to me, have listened to Lamon's solicitations, and wouldst perhaps have been unhappy; though his meads had extended from the reeds of the lake, to the foot of yon blue distant mountain, and though they had been covered with flocks and herds innumerable."

The setting sun shed a rosy gleam through the green arch of the porch, and Daphnis at length arose to return to his cottage. "Go," said the venerable matron, "tell thy father that I am the happiest of mothers." Phillis accompanied

accompanied him to the shore. "Daphnis!" exclaimed she, as they pursued their way, "in three days Hymen will unite us to part no more. How happy we shall be! what human bliss was ever equal to ours? How peacefully our lives will pass away." "Like a long spring my beloved," answered Daphnis. "Or like this stream," said she, "that glides over soft grass and flowers. A thistle or a thorn, it is true, is sometimes seen on its banks; and some passing clouds obscure the clear spring sky: but we will be virtuous, my beloved, and in each other's arms, the thorns of adversity shall not pierce us: the blasts of misfortune shall not be felt." "My father has often said," continued Daphnis, "Be not "impatient under calamity: it has sometimes "visited me, but has only served to render "the calm that succeeded it, more deeply "felt, more truly valued." Dost thou remember my Phillis, how wretched we were when we loved one another first, and were hopeless of finding each other? Oh! how delightful was our unexpected meeting! And when we imagined each other faithless, and suffered all the pangs of grief and disappointment, how sweet were our sensations, when we

we discovered the arts which had separated us: how blissful our reconciliation!"

As he thus spoke, they arrived at the shore: they embraced each other once more, and as Daphnis ascended the boat, Phillis anxiously called after him, to entreat him to take care the stream did not again carry him away. She pursued him with her eyes till he landed in safety on the opposite shore.

As Daphnis pursued his way, he saw a shepherd standing at the door of his hut, and conversing with a man who stood before it. "Alas!" said the stranger, "destitute as I am, it is not for myself that I grieve, it is for the sake of that poor infant who lies yonder playing among the grass. Ah! dear, unhappy child! but no!—thou art contented, and pursuest thy innocent sports, and only weepest, when thou beholdest my tears flow. I see thy smiles, my child, and shed bitter tears. This spring my trees were loaded with blossoms: my plants and flowers flourished in health and beauty: but a tempest came and tore down my humble hut, and a torrent from the mountain deluged my garden; it overturned my fruit-trees,

fruit-trees, and destroyed my plants, and every hope that I had cherished, perished with them."

Daphnis sighed as he passed on: "blessed is the man who succours the unfortunate; the Gods approve him, and reward him. Why am I so poor? I beheld his distress: my bosom heaved with pity and emotion, and yet I could not relieve him. Oh! I feel how delightful it would be to restore him to happiness: ye Gods! why am I so poor."

He arrived pensive and thoughtful at his hut: he scarce mentioned to the old man and his father that he had been at Phillis's cottage, and that in three days Hymen would unite them for ever.

The returning morning found Aristus on the dewy turf before the cottage: Daphnis and Amyntas joined him there: the old man besought them to accompany him to the meadows. They followed him, and he conducted them to a neighbouring hill, skirted by lofty fruit-trees, and from whence they could overlook the whole country. The luxuriant

grass overshadowed the little furrows through which the clear waters of a murmuring brook were conducted over the meadows; the stream meandered down the hill, half concealed by tangling vines, and raspberry bushes, and thickly bordered with strawberries. On the top of the hill stood a neat cottage, surrounded by an extensive and well planted vineyard, and in the front, overshadowed by the luxuriant sprays of a jasmine and sweet-briar, which entwined themselves into a bower near the entrance.

Aristus embraced Amyntas and his son. "My friend! my son!" said he, "this cottage, these trees, and this hill, are yours. I purchased them yesterday, I give them to you. I will spend the rest of my days with you in that cottage; under those trees, and beside that stream, my peaceful hours shall glide away. And when I die, my friends!—when I expire in thy arms, Amyntas! inter me beneath those two shadowy pines; yonder, where the white lilies wave."

Amyntas could not speak, overpowered by gratitude and emotion. "My friend! my benefactor!" at length he exclaimed, "how shall

shall I thank thee? the rest of my days shall be devoted to thee; shall be passed in the tranquil and delightful enjoyment of thy friendship: and when I expire, Daphnis! let one grave receive us, and yonder trees mark to thee, and to thy children, the resting-place of Aristus and of Amyntas."

Daphnis listened in pensive silence to the command. They now ascended the hill, and entered the bower: and Daphnis, gazing on the extended prospect, discovered beyond the stream the cottage of his Phillis. Enraptured he called Aristus and his father, and pointed out to them the dwelling of his beloved: he gazed earnestly on it, eager to distinguish his Phillis at the entrance of the green porch, or through the flowering shrubs which shaded the windows: but he was not able to discover her. He entered the cottage, which was clean and convenient; unornamented, save that the morning sun portrayed the sweeping shadows of the rose and jasmine sprays that waved at the windows, or the white walls.

"Oh Aristus!" exclaimed Daphnis, and ran to him, and kissed his hand. He walked

round the cottage, and found himself every where overshadowed by beautiful fruit-trees. Their branches were propped up to support the rich weight of ripe fruits, which nearly bowed them to the flowery turf. And festoons of vine-leaves hung from one tree to another. Oh Phillis! what delightful news have I to tell thee. This beautiful spot is to be our dwelling. Oh! good Aristus!"—He ran back a second time to kiss his hand. Aristus beheld the delight of the father and of the son, and enjoyed the God-like pleasure known only to the beneficent. What bliss to behold the grateful rapture of those to whom we have done good.

Daphnis now gaily descended the hill, to fetch his little flock; Aristus and Amyntas remained engaged in friendly converse. As he followed his sheep, he said to himself, "We have now a dwelling on the hill, and our hut will be vacant. Ye Gods! ye have listened to my prayers; it will now be in my power to assist the unfortunate man I saw yesterday, I will beg my father to give him the hut." As he spoke thus, he met a party of his fellow-swains, and joyfully related to them how

how Aristus had purchased, and had given him the hill, and that to-morrow morning he was to be united to his Phillis: he invited them all to the festival.

"All happiness be thine, Daphnis!" said the swains, "thou hast deserved it: we will come to the feast: our flutes shall be tuned, we will crown ourselves with fresh garlands, and bring our maidens with us." They now began to plan sports and amusements for the morrow, they tried their flutes, and each fixed on a fair-one to accompany him. At noon, Daphnis quitted them, and they repeated their promises as he departed, to repair to the hill as soon as the morning dawned.

Daphnis returned to their former hut; but Aristus and his father were no longer there: how great was his astonishment when the unhappy stranger he had seen the preceding evening, advanced delighted to meet him.

"Oh Daphnis!" exclaimed he, while tears streamed down his cheeks, "how shall I thank thee, how shall I express my gratitude, my rapture? Ye Gods! how blessed

is

is the man whom ye make the instrument of your goodness.—Daphnis! thy father has given me this hut, and these trees." "Tell me, tell me, the joyful tidings," said Daphnis, "where did he find thee?" "To-day," continued the man, "as my child was gathering apples on your hill, Amyntas met him; and taking him on his knee, asked him who was his father? 'Philetas,' lisped the child. 'And where is your cottage?' The child wept; 'we have no cottage, and no garden now!' Amyntas asked where I was, and desired the child to fetch me; he bounded away, and soon returned with me to thy father. Amyntas obliged me to relate my misfortunes to him. 'Philetas' he said 'the cottage which stands yonder in the meadow, and the trees which shade it, shall be thine. I dwell here, on this hill; be thou my neighbour and my friend!' I imagined I heard the voice of a God; I feared my senses deceived me; I could not thank him—I could only weep."

Philetas was silent, and raised his eyes to Heaven: while they conversed, the innocent child had entwined its little arms round Daphnis's knees, and smiled upon him, as if to thank

thank him. "Mayest thou live happy in thy cottage, Philetas!" said Daphnis, "may thy trees and plants flourish." He raised the smiling infant in his arms, and kissed it, while it stroaked his face, and entwined its little fingers in his hair.

Daphnis now hastened over the stream to his Phillis; but found her not by the brook: he reclined under the shade of the willows, and the heat of the day, and the murmur of the stream, insensibly lulled him into slumber, he was suddenly awakened by a handful of flowers being thrown over him. He looked up, and Phillis stood smiling before him. He would have caught her in his arms, but found they had been bound while he slept: he attempted to free himself, and Phillis laughed at his ineffectual struggles, till her nosegay fell from her bosom. "Thou mischievous maiden," said he, "wait only till I am at liberty again. I will be revenged on thee." "Thou must wait for thy revenge till I please to unbind thee," answered Phillis: "how wilt thou punish me?" "I will kiss thee till thy whole face glows like a rose." "Well then, I will not unbind thee till thou hast promised

mised not to kiss me for a whole hour after." "Phillis!" exclaimed he, "how can I keep such a promise?" "I will not unbind thee except on this condition." At length he promised, and Phillis set him at liberty. "He will never be able to keep his word," thought she: but he constrained himself by way of punishing her, and seated himself quietly without attempting to kiss her. They had not sat many minutes when she smiled upon him; but he still provokingly preserved his resolution. "Daphnis!" at length she said, "I think the hour must be past." "Past!" answered he, "Oh no!—not the fourth part of it." She blushed and was silent: a little while after, she said, "Ah! now it has certainly expired." "You deceive yourself, my love," said Daphnis, "nor half of it is gone yet." "Oh Daphnis!" exclaimed she, "thou hast sufficiently avenged thyself! is it so easy for thee to abstain from kissing me?" He clasped her to his breast, and imprinted a thousand kisses on her cheeks.

"Ah Phillis!" he said, "my revenge has been sufficiently painful to me, if my whole flock had been at stake, I could not have

have persevered in it a moment longer. But Phillis!" continued he, growing suddenly serious, "what delightful news have I to tell thee! my father has to-day relieved an unfortunate man. I beheld his joy and gratitude, and wept with him. Oh how sweet are the tears with which sensibility and gratitude moisten the cheek; sweeter than the dews which nourish the flowers of the spring. But I must tell thee all. Aristus, the venerable old man, has purchased for us a hill covered with luxuriant grass, and shaded by delightful fruit-trees. There is a beautiful cottage upon it, and a stream winds along it. Oh Phillis! how our hearts overflowed with gratitude! Aristus wept with us. What blessed tears are those which the consciousness of doing good makes us shed! Just then my father met an unfortunate man, whose cottage and trees had been carried away by a tempest. My father gave him our former hut and our trees."

Phillis wept at the relation, and Daphnis kissed the tears from her cheeks; not one of them escaped into her bosom. "How delightful it will be," continued he, "when our

our sheep wander among the luxuriant grass on the hill, while I attend to the trees, and thou to the flowers in our garden; or when we recline under the delightful shade, and return thanks to the Gods for our happiness." "Oh Daphnis!" exclaimed Phillis, pressing him to her white bosom, "how complete is our happiness! It is true that with thee I should have been content in a little mouldering hut, or in a solitary wood; the humblest flowers of the grass would have been as fragrant roses to me; the fruits of the wild shrubs would have been delicacies to my taste: but the Gods have showered blessings on us. They have given us beside, riches and superfluities. Oh! how our happiness enraptures me, because it is thine."

"Come dear Phillis!" said he, assisting her to rise, "we will ascend the little hillock yonder, on which the plane-tree stands; perhaps from thence we shall be able to discover our dwelling." They ascended the hillock: and under the broad shadow of the plane-tree Daphnis gazed around. "Look, Phillis!" exclaimed he delighted, "there is our hill; yonder where I point—that is it, which is so overshadowed

overshadowed by beautiful trees." "Oh yes, Daphnis!" said Phillis, "I perceive it; and the stream too, half concealed by the grass and shrubs: I see the cottage too, Daphnis! it is large and handsome: how the trees bend over it! I see also a bower, a beautiful arched bower before the cottage. How delightful it will be to sit under its shade, and look down on the wide-extended prospect." "Dearest Phillis!" exclaimed Daphnis, "embrace me: Oh! how happy we shall be. I see thee already seated in the bower; with one lovely infant smiling at thy breast, while the rest of the little train frolic around us, pelt each other with flowers, or sport with the young lambs among the grass. What sweet hopes."——A crimson blush stained Phillis's cheeks: "Tell me, tell me," said she, hastily interrupting him, "who is that passing from the cottage into the bower, with silver white tresses?" "Oh Phillis! it is Aristus." "Good Aristus!" exclaimed the maiden, "Father!"

"My beloved Phillis," said Daphnis, as they seated themselves under the tree, "how happy does thy affection make me! if thou didst not love me, the hill, the flocks, would confer

confer no pleasure upon me; but in thy arms, my love, I shall be the happiest of mortals. To-morrow, at the altar of Cupid, I shall swear eternal truth to thee. Ah Phillis! when age has silvered my hair, when my heart for the last time beats, I shall still love thee, still doat on thee, as at this minute."

They were silent for some time, absorbed in the contemplation of their happiness: at length Daphnis continued, "All the shepherds and maidens rejoice in our union, they have promised to come to the festival to-morrow. I will receive them in the bower." "The swains and maidens of our hamlet," said Phillis, "have also promised to be there." Thus they spoke, and were gratified to think they had so many friends who would rejoice with them.

While they thus conversed, evening came on. Daphnis rose to depart; hand in hand they descended the hill. "How happy shall I be," exclaimed Daphnis, "when the morning dawns; with what joy, with what rapture, shall I welcome the day! I will be at thy cottage as soon as the first rosy beams streak the east;"

east:" "Long ere it appears," answered Phillis, I shall look through the jasmine sprays at my window, and eagerly, anxiously watch to see thee coming; and when I perceive thee, how will my heart beat with pleasure; I shall weep for joy, as if I had not seen thee for a long, long time. I shall call to thee, as the young swallow does to his mother, when he perceives her flying to him with food in her bill:"—"Yes!" answered Daphnis, embracing her, "and I will bring thee a thousand and a thousand kisses on my lips."

So saying, he ascended the boat.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

DAPHNIS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE night passed away with both of them in pleasing dreams. Scarcely had the early swallow greeted the clear smiling morning, when the sounds of the shepherds' flutes, and of the damsels' songs, chased the visions of sleep from Daphnis's brow. The assembled maidens and swains ascended the hill, and sung gay songs of triumph before the hut. The enraptured Daphnis started from his lowly bed; "Welcome!" he said, "thrice welcome, Oh! happiest of my days." He entwined a fresh garland amid the clustering locks of his brown hair, and dressed for the festival, he hastened to his companions: they received him with shouts of welcome and applause. Aristus and Amyntas were already among them,

them, rejoicing in the day which was to crown their son's happiness.

They descended the hill and repaired to the shore, where they had left their little boats, which were ornamented with green boughs and flowers for the occasion. They sang as they glided over the stream; the youths and maidens of the other shore awaited them on the opposite banks, with boats, decked in the same manner with ribbons, and shaded by interwoven boughs. They now alighted on the shore, and securing their boats, proceeded singing to Phillis's hut, before which a large company of swains and maidens had already assembled. They joyfully mixed among the croud; but Daphnis, whose haste had outstripped theirs, darted into the hut, and greeted his Phillis with a thousand kisses.

The youths and maidens waited singing before the hut: a fair young shepherd, whose locks waved in ringlets of gold, had accompanied the swains from the other shore. He bore a lyre of ivory on his arm; in beauty and elegance he resembled the youthful Apollo,

Apollo, when he guarded the flocks of Admetus; and many supposed him to be the son of this God. For of all the neighbouring hamlets, no swain was so beautiful or so wise as this shepherd. He understood the influence of the stars, he knew the nature and properties of every plant and herb that grew. He was the oracle of the country around him. He was the best poet too, and his songs were eagerly learnt by every shepherd of the hamlet. When he sat by his flock in the meads, the swains and maidens assembled to listen to his strains: they collected around him, as the sheep at noon encircle a spreading tree, whose shading branches protect them from the sun. They listened to his songs till they forgot all earthly objects, and imagined themselves among the Gods. Nature had even endowed him with other talents; he possessed the art of carving images in wood, which were placed in the temples of the Gods; the statues of the nymphs in the grot were the work of his skilful hand; and he had placed an image of Pan in the neighbouring thicket, under the shade of one of the loftiest oaks.

He had formed too, a statue of Cupid.

The little God might have been recognised even without his arrows or his quiver: his speaking smile, his animated attitude betrayed him. The shepherd had placed this image within a little bower in his orchard: and once, as by moonlight he chaunted songs in praise of love, he suddenly heard a rustling among the leaves, soft as when zephyrs sport among the flowers, and perceived a perfume sweeter than roses diffuse itself around. The God of Love appeared before him, borne upon a silvery cloud, and surrounded by little fluttering Cupids; some of them perched upon the trembling sprays of the bower, and some frolicked from flower to flower, like bees among the newly expanded blossoms.

"Youth!" said Cupid, "I am the God to whom all created beings raise altars: whose power is confessed and honoured by the divinities themselves. I rendered the abode of Apollo among the shepherds, enviable even to the Gods: 'tis I who apply the Promethean torch to the mind of man, who soften his austerities, correct his follies, and inspire, even in the virtuous, a purer, warmer love of virtue. The monarch on his throne, the shepherd

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herd in his cot, equally confess my power. I fan the flame of the vicious man to his destruction; I lavish on the virtuous the most transporting pleasures; I inspire him with mild and soothing melancholy, with voluptuous desire, or languishing delight. But few among the race of mortals have so feelingly confest my power as thou hast done: I will shed my choicest influence over thee, I will bless thee with more than human felicity." He said, and vanished.

The bosom of Damon now thrilled with unknown and delightful emotions; a delicious melancholy took possession of his soul. Soon as the joyous birds greeted the first beams of morning, or the evening star trembled amid the grey clouds, he repaired to the bower; as constantly as morn returned, he found the image of Cupid crowned with a fragrant wreath; he beheld it with astonishment, but considered it as a happy presage. One evening, as he sat in the bower musing on this circumstance, he determined to watch all night by the image. He waited long in vain; at length, when the silence of midnight reigned around, he heard a rustling among

the leaves, and instantly concealing himself behind the statue, he perceived a maiden stealing with timid steps through the yielding foliage. A snow-white robe shaded her slender form; her light brown tresses floated on her bosom and ivory shoulders; her figure was graceful as Juno's; but her smile was sweeter, her eyes beamed with a tenderer expression. She knelt before the image and sighed. "Oh Cupid!" she said, "how long shall I feel only thy torments; how long shall this bosom heave with unpitied sighs. Oh Damon! didst thou know my heart, couldst thou behold the tears of tenderness which bedew my cheeks; thy pity, thy love would be mine!—Oh Cupid! when shall I, clasped in his arms, return my thanks to thee? when shall I water thy shrine with tears of gratitude and joy?"

She said; and entwined a garland round the temples of the God: Damon listened with breathless, with enraptured emotion; he started trembling from his concealment, he sunk at her feet: he felt that he was the happiest of mortals.—Such was the shepherd who accompanied the youths and maidens from the shore.

The

The sun now rose from behind the dark hills, and every vale and mead rejoiced in his beams. Phillis came forth from her cottage; the youth and maids hastened with smiles to greet her. Daphnis led her by the hand; he was blooming as the youthful Bacchus, and gay, and sportive as the God of Love. As Phillis's mother gazed on them, she forgot her years, and her griefs, and youthful smiles returned to her aged brow. They now repaired to the shore, and ascending the vessels, passed over the stream. 'Tis said that little Cupids frolicked among the green boughs and the flowers, that the soft rustling of the leaves, and the delicious perfumes, which breathed around, betrayed them. Each shepherd assisted his fair-one to quit the boat and ascend the shore. Daphnis and Phillis led the way to the hill, and to Amyntas's hut, where the venerable old man received Phillis's mother with tears of pleasure.

The youths and maidens disposed themselves in a circle, round an altar consecrated to love: Phillis and Daphnis stood before it: no pair more tender, or more beautiful had ever sacrificed at his shrine. Crowns of white roses

were

were entwined round their heads; a garland of variegated flowers encircled and united them: they each held in their hands a dove as a sacrifice; Phillis trembled as she saw the poor birds expire, and as they fluttered their variegated pinions for the last time: they were laid on the altar, and covered with fragrant gums and herbs, and oil and honey was poured upon the pile; each youth and maiden advancing, laid a garland of flowers on the sacrifice; it was set on fire, and a cloud of sweet perfume arose with the hymeneal songs to Heaven.

"Oh Cupid!" began the song, accompanied by the soft notes of the flute, "delightful God of pleasure and of transport! how "sweet it is to love and be beloved; the divi- "nities of Olympus, the Gods of the woods "and of the streams, confess thy power; the "nightingale sings only of thee thro' the still- "ness of night: all nature owns thy gentle "influence, Oh Cupid! sweet God of Love!

"Thy heavenly spark lies dormant in the "breast of the smiling infant, as the embryo "form of the young flowers is concealed in the "yet unfolded bud of early spring; Oh Cupid! "sweet God of Love. "The

" The life of the man who has never felt " thy influence is a long gloomy winter: he " resembles a brook, whose sullen waves yield " no delightful murmur; a withered tree whose " boughs never unfold a blossom to the sun. " Oh Cupid! sweet God of Love.

" Oh! ye who love and are beloved, say, " bloom not the flowers lovelier in your sight, " yield they not more rich perfumes? the " brook for you murmurs melody, the birds " sing hymeneals for you. Oh Cupid! sweet " God of Love.

" May Pan protect your flocks, may Ceres " and Bacchus yield you their rich gifts:—and " the friendly household divinities who delight " in beholding domestic happiness, ever inha- " bit your cottage. And thou, Oh Hymen! " wave high thy saffron torch over them; " never may it be extinguished, never may " their love know decrease, Oh Hymen! " sweet God of Marriage.

In the mean time the father of Daphnis, with Aristus and Philetas, had sacrificed on the alt

altar of Pan a young wether, whose horns were entwined with the aromatic branches of pine and of ivy, and Phillis's mother had offered up her silent and heartfelt prayers at the shrine of the Goddess of domestic happiness.

They now all assembled in the bower where Phillis's mother had covered a large table with delicate and tasteful viands, and decked it with fruits and flowers. They seated themselves round the table, at the head of which sat Daphnis and Phillis, distinguished like the rose and lilly amid a garland of commoner flowers. Philetas's little child was seated beside Phillis, pleasure and delight sparkled in his blue eyes, he smiled on Phillis, and kissed her hand continually. The joyous laugh, and the sportive tale went round, or the sly remark whispered in some blushing maiden's ear: but these pleasures were soon relinquished for the more active sports of the field: they danced in circles on the level green; they sometimes obliged Daphnis and Phillis to dance alone in the midst; and sometimes two of the most skilful dancers coming forward, performed the dances of the sower, or the reaper, or of the shearer, while

while the rest of the company sang the songs which described those several occupations. The light garments of the maidens floated in the air, as they trod the frolic mazes of the dance with their favorite swains. Fatigued, at length they repaired to the bower, to cool and refresh themselves with fruit beneath its shade, to laugh and to sport, or to relate merry tales.

"My shepherd was once unfortunately deceived," said a maiden, seated by her lover, to Phillis. "I had promised to meet him at a certain hour in the thicket, but the good shepherd was obliged to wait a long time in vain; at length I came running, I had lost my nosegay, my hair was in disorder and my garland torn."—"Yes, and her bosom bare," interrupted the shepherd. "I would have flown into his arms," continued the maiden, blushing, "but he held me back. Alexis, said I, dear Alexis pursued me as I was hastening to thee, he jumped upon my lap, he tore my garland, and snatched my nosegay and the ribbon from my bosom. I said, and attempted again to embrace him; but he turned and flew

from me. Do not run so fast, said I, good shepherd, Alexis will bring me other flowers, he stamped with vexation, and flew still faster." "Yes," interrupted the shepherd, "I was indeed enraged: Cruel maid! said I, she is faithless to me, perhaps has long ceased to love me: now she avows it, and does she still offer to embrace me? I ran madly away, but it so happened that I soon returned unconsciously to the place where I had left her. I trembled and wept with vexation. I perceived her sitting on the grass: a little child was sporting on her lap: he was playing with the ribbons at her bosom, and trying to fix a fresh nosegay there. "See! thou ill-natured shepherd," said she, fixing her eyes full of tenderness and melancholy upon me, "See, little Alexis has brought me fresh flowers." Is this the Alexis who disordered thy tresses," said I, awakening from my dream of jealousy, "Yes, I said," continued the maiden, "why wert thou so angry, my love? I will not so readily forgive thee the next time thou art ill-natured: then thou kneeledst at my feet and wept, and when I bid thee rise and embrace me, thy tears flowed the faster." Thus the maiden concluded her

little

little narrative, and turned to her shepherd, and kissed him.

" My shepherdess deceived me once," said a swain, who reclined at the feet of his beloved one. " As I lay slumbering by the stream, I was suddenly awakened by a lovely voice that exclaimed, ' Shepherd! as often as thou passest by this stream, my sighs pursue thee; and when thou leavest the shore, what love-sick languish ever equalled mine? how joyful am I when thou slumberest by my stream; I steal to thee, I bend over thee enraptured, I kiss thee. Oh shepherd! I can no longer conceal my passion, I love thee; a nymph loves thee: why need I say it to thee, a young, a beautiful nymph. Wilt thou return my affection, sweet shepherd?' ' I cannot,' I answered, ' my heart is already pledged to a lovely maiden.' ' But if thou wert to see me,' continued the voice. ' My light hair floats over my snow-white shoulders, my lips are fresh as the opening rose-bud, my eyes as blue as the clear waves of my stream; Oh! how willingly thou wouldst exchange thy mortal maiden, for a celestial nymph.' ' I cannot love thee, Goddess,' I replied, ' though thou wert fairer than

than a grace, and lovelier than Venus herself. I love my Chloe, I would not resign her for the whole world. I will forsake this stream, and never return here till thou hast conquered thy unfortunate passion.' 'Thou cruel one,' answered the nymph, 'I will pursue thee wherever thou goest; the wood-gods shall deprive thee of thy sheep, they shall drown them in the stream.' 'Ah!' answered I, 'though the wood-gods were to threaten to take my life also, I could, I would love no one but my Chloe.' 'They shall rob thee of thy Chloe,' continued the nymph, but the words were drowned in a burst of laughter: and Chloe sprung from her concealment. 'Yes,' interrupted the maiden, "I could contain myself no longer, he was going to be in a passion with the nymph. But how enraptured was I, when I received this proof of thy tender affection." She said, and pressed him to her breast.

Amid such pleasures mild evening came on, and the moon rose in peaceful majesty. Daphnis and Phillis, with the rest of the swains and maidens, now assembled in the bower. The table was spread with the most delicious fruits:

fruits: the melon, surrounded by the green tendrils of the ripe grapes, the red-glowing apples and pears, the pomegranate with its green crown and cleft breast, the luscious fig; and every fruit which the mild harvest yields, enclosed in velvet husks, or defended by hard shells. Flowers and fragrant herbs were strewed among the dishes; and vases of mead and of wine, encircled by wreaths of the sacred ivy of Bacchus, sparkled in the centre of the table.

While they sat round the table, Damon, (the youth with the ivory lyre) presented to Daphnis an ample goblet, and said, "Friend," accept this goblet which I have carved for thee; receive it as a memorial of our friendship: fill it high with wine; let it pass round the table, and every one that drinks from it, shall sing a song." "Damon, thy friendship is most precious to me," said Daphnis, as he took the goblet, and turned it round to admire the skilful carving that adorned its sides. The image of the joyous Bacchus was there, drawn by his spotted tygers, and old Silenus followed the chariot sitting on an ass, and supported

supported on either side by the laughing fauns. A mingled train of loose-robed nymphs and merry satyrs pursued him; some bearing the full vine-skins on their shoulders, some sounding the soft flutes, or clashing their brazen cymbals, and weaving high their ivy-wreathed thyrsuses. Above them, and sporting amid the garland that encircled the goblet, were little love-gods, who showered flowers on the joyous train. Cupid himself hovered in the centre of them, and aimed his light arrows at the nymphs, some of whom smiled as they beheld him, and others appeared to fly him, but cast a coy, wishing glance behind them, to observe whether he perceived, and pursued them.

Daphnis now filled the goblet with foaming wine, and sung. "How sweet and delicious is this nectared draught, flavoured "by my fair-one's kiss! The cup which her "rosy lip has pressed diffuses joy and transport through my soul. At the foot of yon "sacred hill, I will raise an altar to Bacchus "and to Love: clasped in my fair-one's arms, "and kneeling at this shrine, I will return

"thanks

"thanks to Cupid for my raptures, to Bac-
"chus for my joys."

He said, and gave the goblet to Phillis: she took it smiling, and thus sung. "Sweet "is the rose my Daphnis's hand had plucked: "which he has pressed to his lips. How en-"raptured am I when he fixes it in my bosom. "Raise, shepherd! raise a flowery altar to "Bacchus and to love: I will entwine the "roses of love with the curling tendrils of "the vine; and offer up with thee my praises "and my thanks."

Thus the goblet passed round the table, and encreased the mirth and joy of the day. At length it came to Damon. "Thou must accompany thy song with the lyre," exclaimed all the youths and maidens. He sought to excuse himself, but a playful damsel rising, fetched the lyre, and placed it in his arms. The swains clapped their hands, and Damon, taking the lyre, arose. All now was hushed in attention; not a ribbon, or the leaf of a garland rustled, as thus he began.

"Ye

"Ye youths and maidens! yield your "hearts to the soft influence of love and "wine; let pleasure beam in your sparkling "eyes, and glow in your rosy cheeks. For "believe me, ye swains! I beheld Bacchus, "the joyous, the youthful Bacchus himself, "reclining yonder in that verdant bower, half "concealed by the luxuriant foliage. He lay "stretched on a full wine-skin, entwined by "the gadding branches of the vine. Cupid "stood beside him, and leant one arm on Bac-"chus's knee, while with the other he en-"twined a garland round the temples of the "smiling God. His joyous Fauns intoxicated "with love and wine frolicked around him, and "danced with the nymphs whose light gar-"ments floated on the gale, as they trod the "gay mazes of the dance.—'Oh Cupid!' "sighed Bacchus, 'I confess thy power; I "own, that without thee, wine loses its soul-"enlivening influence: joyless is the intoxi-"cation which thou dost not inspire: tasteless, "insipid, even nectar itself, unless thy potent "hand presents the bowl. Ever, ever may "my heart confess thy sway. 'Tis only when "I love, that I feel that I am Bacchus, the

"God

" God of wine and of joy.' ' Bacchus!' an-
" swered Cupid, ' what do I not owe to thee?
" thou inspirest the timid with courage: thou
" revivest the passion that was expiring. The
" grey-headed sage as he drains thy potent
" bowl, feels youthful ardour warm his chilly
" veins, and love's departing smiles cheer his
" last days, as the mild beams of the setting
" sun gild the russet hills. 'Tis thou who
" givest transport to the kiss, and ecstasy to
" the tender caress. Yes, when I drink I
" doubly feel that I am Cupid, the God of
" rapture and of love."

" Ye youths and maidens, yield your wil-
" ling hearts to the soft influence of love and
" wine: let pleasure laugh in your sparkling
" eyes, and glow on your rosy cheeks."

So sung the youth, and drained the foaming goblet.

The swains and maids sat long after he had ceased, absorbed in silent attention. They sang, and sported, and drank till the evening was far advanced, and the moon had ascended the highest hill: then leaving the bower, they

led Daphnis and Phillis to their nuptial chamber. The mingled tones of flutes, and of songs echoed over the mountains: "Oh Hymen! Hymen!" they sung "sweet God of marriage." The timid Dryads echoed the soft sounds in their secret bowers; and the nightingales sang hymeneals from the bending sprays.

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

A PASTORAL.

EVANDER AND ALCIMNA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

(The scene represents an uncultivated country, overgrown with bushes and trees.)

LAMON AND CHLOE.

Chloe.

WHAT makes you so serious, neighbour? It is true, people in our class of life have always sufficient to employ us, if we attend to our flocks, and cultivate our little strip of land as we ought to do.

Lamon. You are right, good Chloe; time passes swiftly away with the active and industrious,

trious. I am returning from a sacred employment which I never neglect. I have just been sacrificing to Pan the first fruits of those five young trees which I planted on the day in which Evander, my foster-son, was committed to my care. They are now eighteen years old, and their growth and beauty is a presage of the Gods' favor and assistance to us.

Chloe. Thou art an upright man, and 'tis for that reason that thy works prosper. Thy tranquillity and happiness are proofs that thou honorest the Gods, and art beloved by them. But how will this affair terminate? I think our secret is pretty secure here, *(looking around her)* I am only anxious to live, that I may behold what will become of Alcimna my foster-daughter. It is now sixteen years since she was first entrusted to me. "Nurse her carefully, thy happiness may depend upon it; and conceal this secret in the deepest recesses of thy heart." These were the words of the man who gave her to my care.

Lamon. The Gods have designed them for something superior. Evander is the loveliest youth of the whole country: graceful as the image

image which stands in the Delphic temple; his wisdom and acquirements are superior to those of men twice his age; he has the strength and the courage of Hercules. Who can contend with him in every active and manly sport, or dispute the prize of swiftness or of strength with him? His songs are animated and beautiful as if Apollo had in dreams inspired him with them.

Chloe. And Alcimna, in the same degree, surpasses all other maidens. She is lovely and blooming as the youngest of the graces, and possesses every other mild charm which should adorn a maiden. She is as superior to her companions, as is the rose to the lowly field-flowers that bloom around her.

Lamon. Their mutnal affection inspires me by turns with pleasure and apprehension. Perhaps the Gods have designed them for each other; but of this we are uncertain. I sometimes hope that fate will never divide them: but still, they are not our children, and we cannot decide their fortunes. They will be demanded at our hands, and perhaps now, in a very short time. We have not the power of

of consenting to their union: we must retard their hopes as much as possible.

Chloe. Thou art certainly in the right, Lamon. I hope we shall live to see the day when these mysteries will be explained. I believe I long for it with more impatience than thou dost:—perhaps because I am a woman.

Lamon. The Gods will determine every thing for the best. Yet, how painful would it be to me to see them separated; they both so well deserve to be happy. It grieves me that I cannot fulfil the wishes of their tender affection. I am tired of inventing excuses for delaying their union: falsehood was ever hateful to me: but the Gods will forgive me this deception. We must now say, as a reason for deferring it, that we had each of us last night, a warning dream.

Chloe. 'Tis well imagined, Lamon! we will do so. 'Tis only by such deceptions as these, that we can evade their earnest entreaties. Thy son approaches; I will steal away through the thicket.

Lamon.

Lamon. I will go too, to avoid his solicitations.

SCENE II.

EVANDER: and afterwards ALCIMNA.

Evander.

I have sought her long in vain. She is not yonder by the waterfall, nor here, under the hazle-bushes: perhaps her mother has employed her, to detain her. My father avoids me, as if he feared I should speak to him of Alcimna. I know not what all this can arise from. Wherefore should he disapprove of my affection for one of the loveliest maidens of the whole country; for one whom he himself allows to be superior to all her companions? This anxiety continually torments me. But where is she? she comes not. I will carve her name on the smooth bark of this poplar. *(He takes a knife from his scrip)* Thou shalt bear her name and mine. High may thy green branches rear their trembling heads, and

and never may the axe of the wood-cutter level thee with the dust. May the traveller as he passes admire thy beauty, and say, This tree is sacred to love.

(As he is beginning to engrave on the bark, Alcimna steals gently behind him and covers his eyes with her hands)

Alcimna. Who am I?

Evander. Oh Alcimna! my beloved!

Alimna. Thou art deceived.

Evander. No, I do not deceive myself. Where hast thou delayed so long?

Alcimna. If thou art sure thou art not mistaken, kiss me. *(He turns and kisses her)* 'Twas Mylon the goat-herd who detained me. I fear he will follow me here: how tormenting is his love to me.

Evander. Heavens! here he is.

SCENE

SCENE III.

EVANDER, ALCIMNA, MYLON.

Mylon.

I knew that thou wert hastening to meet Evander. What, shall Evander bear away the prize at every sport, and among the maidens too? Evander, thou must have won many a beautiful lamb as the prize of song.

Alcimna. We know that already.

Mylon. I could not help laughing at the simple Battus as we sat yonder under the old oak—

Alcimna. We have laughed at that story once before. But—what can you want here?

Mylon. I came only in the hope of gaining one kind glance from you.

Alcimna. *(Smiling scornfully on him)* Well then, now you may begone.

Mylon.

Mylon. So disdainful? Let me only sing thee the new song, which I made yesterday—

Alcimna. What if I will not listen to it?

Mylon. I will sing it nevertheless. Evander knows that he himself cannot excel me on the flute. Look, here is one which I cut only a few days ago; its tones are excellent. I have won two goats already with it. Only listen!

Evander. I will believe it without listening.

Mylon. I would wager the two best goats I possess—

Alcimna. And I my whole flock, that thou art the most tiresome shepherd of the whole country. Thou art like a burr, that sticks to the passenger's garment, and cannot be shook off.

Mylon. I do believe, you wish to be alone.

Evander. Have you guessed it at last?

Mylon,

Mylon. Well, I will go. *(going, but returns)* Oh! there is one thing which I had very near forgotten to tell you. Yesterday evening, just as the sun was sinking beneath the waves, I went to the shore, and—

Alcimna. Have you almost done?

Mylon. Why, I am but beginning. Well, when I got to the shore, there I saw Asphalion, the fisherman, drying his nets: and he told me that he had seen five large ships approaching the shore; he said, he believed they meant to anchor on our coast, but—

Alcimna. Well, let them come: you have forgotten to go.

Mylon. I will leave you. *(Exit.)*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ALCIMNA. EVANDER.

Alcimna.

Is he really gone? But even though he should hide himself to listen behind those trees, I may, I will tell thee, my beloved, how I longed to hasten to thee; just like the thrush, which some idle boy has stolen from her young. In vain he may feed and caress her; she sits drooping and melancholy in her little cage, and only watches for an opportunity of escaping, and hastening on the wings of affection to her callow nestlings, as I flew to thee, my beloved Evander.

Evander. My dearest Alcimna, how happy does thy affection make me! As I passed through the thicket of roses yonder, I found these two roses blowing on one stem. United they diffused their perfumes around, united they will wither: plant, my beloved, plant this image of our love in thy bosom.

Alcimna.

Alcimna. Yes, I will fix it in my breast. How lovely they bloom! thus happily we shall flourish near each other.

Evander. Thus united, our hours will fleet away, sweet as the perfume which these flowers diffuse.

Alcimna. Like them we shall bloom and fade together.—But tell me, my love, didst thou wait long for me?

Evander. No, but when I am expecting thee, every minute appears to me an hour.

Alcimna. I was so vexed when I found Mylon sitting under the shrubs beside the little path-way: I would rather have met a swarm of bees. He placed himself right in my path. "Every maiden that passes this way," said he, "must give me a kiss." So take it, and let me be gone, said I: but he still detained me. At last, Look at that white cow, said I, that is wandering there in the marsh; she has certainly strayed from her keeper. And as he gazed at the cow, I bounded away from him, and had got a good distance

distance before he was aware of the trick I had played him. But the tiresome man soon followed me:—wherefore art thou so thoughtful, my beloved?

Evander. I?

Alcimna. Yes, thou art musing as if thou had'st something to communicate, which it is unpleasant to thee to mention. Oh! tell it me; do not make me uneasy, my beloved!

Evander. I—I know not whether I ought to mention it to thee, but—

Alcimna. This suspense is more painful to me, than any thing thou can'st have to communicate.

Evander. The continual excuses with which my father delays the fulfilment of our wishes, gives me great uneasiness. He appears to shun me whenever I approach him, and when he cannot escape from me, and I speak to him of my love, he seems distressed and confused, and only answers me in broken words.

Alcimna.

Alcimna. My Mother behaves exactly in the same manner.

Evander. To-day he has been sacrificing to Pan, the first fruits of those fruits which he planted on the day of my birth. I came accidentally by the place at the moment, and fearful of disturbing his devotions, I remained concealed by the shade of the trees. While I stood there, I heard him pray in these words. "Benevolent Gods! listen to my supplications, and accept graciously my humble sacrifice. Be propitious to my son, and grant that the wonderful fate which awaits him, may prove a happy one." He prayed for some time longer, but a sudden gale shook the leaves of the trees, and my ear could catch no more.

Alcimna. I am lost in astonishment. May the Gods be propitious to his prayers.

Evander. Whatever fate may await me, (and the Gods grant, since thou art concerned in it, that it may prove a fortunate one!) thy love alone will render me the happiest of human beings.

Alcimna. Oh! my beloved one, let no melancholy apprehensions for the future destroy our peace, or banish the pleasure we may enjoy to-day. Recover thyself, smile upon me; let us begin that song which we so often sing together.

Evander. Every care and anxiety vanishes in thy loved presence. Let us sing it.

Evander.

Sweet are the dews to the opening flowers,
Grateful their scents to the murmuring bee;
Dear to the parch'd mead the soft-falling showers—
Dearer thy smiles and thy beauty to me.

Alcimna.

Depriv'd of the dews the flowers droop and languish;
Reft of the sun-shine the gay meadows mourn:
Thus, in thy absence my heart pines in anguish;
Sorrow o'erclouds it, till thy loved return.

Chased

Chased from the plains by the wild winds of
winter,
Sad, in her waxen retreat sits the bee;
Deprived of the flowers and the perfumes of
summer,
She mourns, as I mourn, my love! severed
from thee.

Evander.

But, when spring's beam to new transport
awakes her,
Herald of summer's and pleasure's return;
She hails its warm radiance with joy like thy
lover's
When he hears thy mild voice, when he clasps
thy dear form.

SCENE V.

MYLON, EVANDER, ALCIMNA.

Mylon. Excellently well sang indeed!

Alcimna. What! art thou so soon returned? or didst thou never go away? Fie! Mylon! was that generous?

Mylon. Indeed I did go; I only returned as you sung the last verse of your song.

Alcimna. What brought you back then?

Mylon. I came out of pure kindness: you are singing and saying a thousand tender things to each other, and do not remark what is happening all around you. Don't you hear the tumult yonder?

Evander. What has happened?

Mylon. The people belonging to the vessels that Asphalion told me of, have landed.

Alcimna. Well, and what is that to us?

Mylon. Nothing, if you are determined to ridicule all I can say.

Evander. Tell us then.

Mylon.

Mylon. I have nothing to tell.

Alcimna. Nay, good Mylon, forgive me; be not pettish.

Mylon. They are come on shore, and have pitched their tents under the lime-trees near this thicket. I only tell you that you may avoid them. Who knows what their intentions are? you may not be secure here.

Alcimna. I thank you for your care, good Mylon: we will begone.

(Exeunt.)

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Tents are seen at a distance among the trees.

PYRRHUS. ARATES.

Pyrrhus.

HOW impatient am I to behold my son! The years of danger have now expired. Eighteen years, so the Oracle commanded, has he dwelt unknown among these shepherds. Eighteen summers have passed away since I parted with him, then a beautiful infant, lovely and smiling as Cupid is described to us. I hope to find in him the genuine and uncorrupted impressions of virtue and of simplicity.

Arates. I too am impatient to behold our Prince.

Prince. How fortunate shall we be, to find both our children happily situated. Thou knowest, that warned by the Gods in a dream, I brought my daughter to this country sixteen years ago. And when I sacrificed to them immediately before I embarked with thee, the favourable presages they vouchsafed me, were pledges of the future happiness and good fortune of my family.

Pyrrhus. I am only fearful that my son will regret to relinquish the tranquillity and happiness that he has enjoyed beneath these shades. The impression which these beautiful scenes have already made upon me, is so delightful, that my heart confesses, an abode amid the charms of simple and uncultivated nature, is best adapted to the happiness and to the perfection of our beings. We experience here those delightful sensations, with which the long absent exile reviews the place of his birth, or the fields which have witnessed his infantine pleasures and sports.

Arates. Our manners have indeed departed so far from primitive simplicity, and have been so new modified by luxury and refinement,

ment, that the contrast cannot fail to make a forcible impression on those who are suddenly brought amid these scenes, and have not been accustomed from their infancy to admire and to prefer a noble simplicity.

Pyrrhus. Dost thou see that beautiful youth who is advancing through the thicket? So beautiful, that the wish arises in my heart that he may be my son. He approaches us.

Enter Evander.

Evander. *(Saluting them)* Welcome! my Lords.

Pyrrhus. Welcome, young shepherd! did curiosity or business lead you to us?

Evander. And if it were curiosity, forgive it in one who can so seldom look on those who dwell in towns. But tell me, my lords, did ye not come here from Zirta, with the Prince who landed yesterday on our shore?

Arates. We did.

Pyrrhus.

Pyrrbus. Thou wilt surely be glad to relinquish thy humble mode of life, and to return with us to the city?

Evander. I!—far be from me such a thought. I was once at Delphos, when a child; and I remember being astonished at every thing I saw there: but I would not change our beautiful meads and groves for a town, where one must run through so many narrow streets, before one can see the open fields.

Pyrrbus. Thou art a simple youth; thou wouldst soon become accustomed to it.

Evander. Yes, but I should not soon become accustomed to live among people whose manners are so different from ours, and who laugh so continually at our ignorance and simplicity. Yet we are as happy as they are; and with infinitely less trouble, for they are at great pains to procure pleasures for themselves, while we simply enjoy those that surround us, and employ ourselves in the culture of our fields, or the care of our flocks, which reward us with a sufficiency and content. It

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is true, that they call that sufficiency, poverty; but they are fantastic in their wishes. Oh no! I would not go again to a city. As I stood there, wondering at the great houses, (which are as large as mountains, and yet the men in general are not so tall as us shepherds) the people laughed at me as they passed, and still more when I enquired what this, or what that was. At length one of them said, "Canst thou sing, young shepherd?" "Oh yes!" said I, "I can sing," and immediately I began one of my best songs: upon this, they all gathered round me, and laughed at me, and yet the swains allow me to be one of their best singers. Even the maidens there are not kind and gentle, and when I spoke to them, they passed by me, and took no more notice of me than of a stone. They are not so blooming, either, or so lovely as our shepherdesses.

Pyrrhus. Nevertheless, if thou feltest the regard for me which I do for thee, thou wouldst accompany me.

Evander. I loved thee, even from the first instant I saw thee: but how could I forsake

sake my dear old father to go with thee to the city? He nursed me in my infancy with the tenderest care, and ought I not in return to attend him with grateful solicitude in his old age? Remain with us, my Lords; you shall have the best that our trees and flocks afford. —But I forget myself, you have not told me where I shall find the Prince?

Arates. What is your business with him?

Evander. My father sent me to him with these fruits; they were gathered from the trees he planted eighteen springs ago, when I was but a year old: they are ripe, and sweet as honey. Where shall I find him?

Pyrrhus. Heavens! the exact age of my son! Arates! if it should be him.

Arates. Your supposition is probable. What shepherd but his foster-father would have sent you fruit?

Evander. I beseech ye tell me where I shall find the Prince. I must go; I have a great deal still to do in the orchard, and with the

the flock: and besides, my shepherdess is waiting for me by the stream.

Pyrrhus. Know then, youth! that I am he whom ye seek.

Evander. Are you the Prince of Zirta?

Pyrrhus. Yes. What is your father's name? where is he?

Evander. His name is Lamon; he dwells behind the wood, yonder.

Pyrrhus. Oh! my friend! *(to Arates)* I can scarce suppress my emotion: I long to embrace him.

Arates. I have scarce a doubt that it is he.

Evander. Ah! here is my father!

SCENE

SCENE III.

LAMON, an ATTENDANT on Pyrrhus, EVANDER, PYRRHUS, ARATES.

Attendant to Pyrrbus.

My Lord! this is the man, to whom, eighteen years ago, you entrusted your son.

Pyrrbus. Are you the person, shepherd, to whose care a young child was committed about eighteen years ago?

Lamon. Yes, my Lord; and that youth is your son: the fruit he brought you, was the produce of the trees I planted the spring when he first came to me; and here is the sealed writing which I received with him.

Evander. Heavens! what do I hear?

Pyrrbus. It is incontestibly true: embrace me, my son! embrace thy happy father. *(They embrace.)*

Evander.

Evander. My father?

Pyrrhus. Yes, I am thy father. At the command of the Gods, I dismissed thee, while yet an infant, from my paternal arms, and committed the care of thy tender youth, to this worthy shepherd.

Evander to Lamon. And art thou not my father? Oh! I will call thee ever by that dear name; thou hast so kindly treated me, so tenderly loved me!

Pyrrhus. Ye Gods! accept my fervent gratitude, for having so graciously preserved my son, so benevolently restored him to me. How, my friend, how shall I reward thy tender care of my child?

Lamon. Praise be to the Gods, who have thus ordered every thing for our happiness, for myself, I am sufficiently rewarded, if he continues to love me and is happy. I desire nothing of all thou canst give.

Pyrrhus. Happy people! whose wants are so easily satisfied. But Arates! amid the enjoyment

joyment of my happiness, I will not omit to express my gratitude to the Gods, who have bestowed it. Let us hasten to prepare a sacrifice. Soon will I return to thee, my son! in the mean time, remain here; my people will be impatient to greet their new-found Prince.

SCENE IV.

EVANDER alone.

Gods! how extraordinary are these events: I know not whether I wake, or dream.—How willingly would I hasten to my dear Alcimna to acquaint her with all that has happened! But here comes some one already; who can he be, who skips towards me with so much agility?

Enter a young Lord.

Lord. Permit me, Prince, to have the honor of being the first to express to you, my extreme joy and delight on the present most happy occasion.

Evander.

Evander. What so greatly rejoices thee, my friend?

Lord. Can I fail of being delighted that the will of the oracle is at length fulfilled; that you are removed from the debased and wretched situation in which its severity had placed you, and are at length restored to the dignities and happiness of your rank?

Evander. Thanks be to the Gods, who placed me in that humble situation. I shall never forget the simple pleasures of my youthful days; those calm delights, those innocent joys!

Lord. Innocent joys! ha! ha! Prince, you know not what pleasure is; it is only in the polite world that it is to be found. I should be far from returning thanks to the Gods, if they had fixed me among the shepherds.

Evander. Thy abode amid these beautiful scenes, is then unpleasant and wearisome to thee?

Lord.

Lord. One may endure it a little while, with the assistance of agreeable society.

Evander. Have then the striking, the ever varying beauties of nature no charms for thee?

Lord. They can only please those who are acquainted with no other beauties.

Evander. When the rising sun blushes on these hills, and every bird and plant rejoices in his beams, hast thou not felt pleasure animate thy breast?

Lord. The rising sun! I have not seen it yet.

Evander. No shepherd would ever envy thee thy pleasures.

Lord. That I can easily believe: their vulgar minds are not formed for the enjoyment of elegant delights.

Evander. But tell me, who art thou?

Lord. A young nobleman of the court.

Evander. And what is thy business there?

Lord. My business? *(to himself)* I suppose he thinks we follow the plough at least.—My business is to dress elegantly, to feast and dance continually, to invent new pleasures, and to visit the ladies.

Evander. And is this all?

Lord. All? how would you have a nobleman employ himself?

Evander. Our ideas on this subject, are very simple. We only call *that* business, which is productive of some use to ourselves or others; and even this affords us pleasure and contentment: we do not prefer the vain butterfly to the industrious bee, however gaily the flaunting insect may be dressed.

Lord. *(aside)* Mercy upon us! what are we to do with such a man as this at court: he smells of the cow-stable.—It is sufficient that the lower class of people are employed in what

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is useful: those of our rank live only to enjoy life. A continual succession of amusements, leaves us, indeed, but little leisure to be useful. We inherit from our birth, the privilege of passing our lives in an agreeable idleness. We flutter from pleasure to pleasure, from beauty to beauty. There is not a fair one at our court, whose chains I have not for a short time worn; but not one of them has been able to preserve me constant to her.

Evander. Their beauty, then must have been but very ordinary, and your heart cold and unimpassioned as the plants in winter.

Lord. On the contrary, they were lovely as the graces, and I had too much sensibility for beauty to be true to one maiden alone. This same constancy is the most ridiculous thing in nature. To sigh continually for the same fair one—Ha! ha! I was once in my life so in love, that I have known how to laugh at the passion ever since. The maiden was as beautiful as Venus. By Jupiter! I loved her for a whole twelvemonth. Ha! ha!

Evander. Oh simple mortal! to pride thy-

self on thy art of banishing from thy bosom, the greatest happiness with which the Gods have blessed us; of cheating thyself of the sweetest, the most delicious pleasures of which the human heart is capable. Thou mightest as well persuade thyself that the sweet strawberry is bitter, or that the perfume of the rose is odious and insufferable.

Lord. When you have lived a little while among us, you will yourself learn to consider this mode of thinking ridiculous, which is the mere effect of your low and contracted education.

Evander. Never; sooner might the apple-tree be transformed into a useless bramble.

Lord. I must now go. I have the honor of wishing you a good morning.

Evander. Go when it suits you: your conversation is not pleasing to me.

Lord. *(Going)* Heavens! how unformed, how ridiculous he is! what a pity to take him away from his flock.

SCENE

SCENE V.

EVANDER, an OFFICER of the king's body guard.

Evander.

Is that tiresome man gone at last? I will ask the one who approaches, what is the reason of his walking about armed in that manner. Who art thou, friend! whose appearance is so formidable? Why dost thou carry that spear; and what instrument is that by thy side?

Officer. This is my sword, Prince.

Evander. But why do you drag these formidable weapons about with you at this time of peace and joy? I should laugh at the man who should carry about with him in winter, the plough, or the spade with which he was to cultivate his field or his garden in summer.

Officer.

Officer. I am chief of the body-guard to the king, your father.

Evander. Are there then many of you? and all armed in this way?

Officer. Yes, many, and all provided in the same manner. Ha! ha!—you must excuse me, Prince! I cannot help laughing.

Evander. You must inhabit a very dangerous country.

Officer. Why, my Lord?

Evander. Why, since you are obliged to be so continually on your guard. I suppose there are a great many wolves and other wild beasts there.—Here we have very little of that anxiety; they seldom injure our flocks: your country cannot be an advantageous one for your flocks.

Officer. We live in a land where the names of those wild beasts are scarcely known,

Evander.

Evander. Are you not then over careful, thus unnecessarily to guard your sovereign?

Officer. Unfortunately, there is a necessity for our care. Many a prince has lost his life by the hands of his own people. We then are employed to keep them in subjection, and to quell any tumult which might be dangerous to him.

Evander. But these then, must be very wicked people: I should not like to live among them. It is as if a father should need protection against his own children. Or are there perhaps bad princes, who require such a guard to screen them from the resentment of their own subjects?

Officer. There are indeed, but what is that to the people? There are princes who are restrained by no laws but their own wills and passions, that oppress their subjects, and rob them of their possessions, till at length, irritated to frenzy, they shake off the yoke, and sometimes destroy their sovereign in the tumult.

Evander.

Evander. Oh Heavens! into what a land are ye about to lead me. But my father is virtuous, is benevolent to his people: he can have nothing to fear?

Officer. Oh no! our office is not merely to defend him. In case a prince should wish to encrease his territories, we march to a neighbouring land; where we are met by a body of armed men, as numerous or more numerous than ourselves; then we place ourselves in the most exact order, and kill as many of the enemy as we can; and those who are the bravest among us—

Evander. I beg your pardon, who are the bravest? what do you mean by the word?

Officer. (Aside) Heavens! I can scarce help laughing: he is a perfect child; he has not an idea what greatness and majesty mean: *(to Evander)* Those who have killed most men, and have done most injury to the enemy, as a memorial and a reward of their services, have their images modelled of clay, or sculptured in marble.

Evander.

Evander. Horrible! Oh! let me know no more.—But one question still;—my father in not so cruel?

Officer. No, he is not a warlike prince: our respectable body has gained but little glory in his reign.

Evander. And you mention it with regret? Oh Heavens! glory and honor purchased by murdering our fellow-creatures. Among us, a man would be detested, who attempted to deprive his neighbour of a single field: and what a trifle were *that*, in comparison of what you have been describing!

Officer. Yes, and in a trifling way, such an act would not be allowed among us. Such a man would be put to death without mercy.

Evander. Oh! I will fly from thee! every word thou speakest fills me with horror. I will ask no more, see no more. But Heavens! here is another man already.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

EVANDER, a COURTIER.

Courtier. *(Prostrating himself at Evander's feet)* Permit me, most gracious Prince—

Evander. What strange man is this? What art thou doing; art thou seeking something thou hast lost on the ground?

Courtier. No, my Prince; only permit me in this humble attitude—

Evander. How extraordinary! this is exactly the manner in which my favorite dog would meet me, if he had not seen me for a long time. But why dost thou behave thus?

Courtier. To recommend myself to your favour, and to express to you, that I am the humblest of your slaves.

Evander.

Evander A slave? Oh! how I pity thee. What misfortune betrayed thee into this miserable condition? From what I have heard, it must be the most wretched in which a man can be placed.

Courtier. My Prince! you misconceive me. I am not one of those miserable slaves, who have forfeited their freedom by crimes, or by misfortunes. My subjection is my own choice: through reverence for you, I sacrifice my liberty to your sovereign will; I shall never be happy, unless—

Evander. By what I can understand of thy extraordinary speech, I think thou must be a contemptible fool.—What wretched beings are these!—I am quite distracted; I wish it may be all a dream. Yonder is one of a more respectable appearance. Oh! tell me, friend, whether I wake or dream. Venerable old man! in thee I may hope to meet a rational being.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

EVANDER, à SAGE.

Sage. You do not deceive yourself, young Prince. You will find with me the key of every science; whoever submits himself to my instructions, may become more learned and respectable than a king.

Evander. How much I rejoice to have met with you! you are acquainted then, with the art of cultivating and improving the land?

Sage. No!

Evander. With the best means of tending the flocks, and healing their sicknesses?

Sage. No!

Evander. With the secret virtues, and healing properties of plants?

Sage.

Sage. No!

Evander. Perhaps the muses are propitious to you, and you compose beautiful poems, to amuse and improve the minds of men?

Sage. What? I a poet? one of the most wretched of beings?

Evander. This is wonderful! Thou hast perhaps then, studied the mind of man, and knowest what is useful or prejudicial to his happiness?

Sage. I have not busied myself with any of these trifles.

Evander. What canst thou know which is more useful than all these?

Sage. I have measured the courses of the stars; I have acquired the languages of distant nations; I have computed how many grains of sand would cover a mile of land, and have lately discovered two new specks in the moon, which were unknown even to Endymion himself.

Evander.

Evander. Oh! ye Gods! Now indeed I must fly: leave me! leave me! I shall never recover from my astonishment.

ACT

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

CHLOE, ALCIMNA, a SERVANT of Arates.

Alcimna.

SEE, mother! there are the tents. My heart sinks at the thought of going among these people.

Chloe. Take courage, my child; these great men always behave very kindly to maidens.

Alcimna. 'Tis for that very reason I am uneasy.

Servant. Remain now here; I will go into the tent, and acquaint my lord with your arrival.

Alcimna.

Alcimna. But mother! is my garland straight? You did not give me time to weave a new one, or even to see in the stream, if this was in order. These lords will say, I am—

Chloe. I cannot help laughing; the desire of pleasing universally, seems born with women.

Alcimna. Oh! if my shepherd only admire me—but tell me—

Chloe. Yes, yes, it is just as it should be.

Alcimna. But what have we to do here? I wish it was over.

Chloe. Thou wilt here learn circumstances which will fill thee with the greatest astonishment, my dear child. Thou wilt soon leave my hut, and this country for ever.

Alcimna. Oh Heavens! I hope not; how you alarm me!

Chloe.

Chloe. You will go with these lords to the city.

Alcimna. Never. Let me escape now, let me hide myself from these people in one of our wildest thickets. Come, come with me, or I will fly alone.

Chloe. You must not, my child.

Alcimna. In the name of all the Gods, let me!

Chloe. Hear me, my child. You will meet here your real father.

Alcimna. How?

Chloe. I am not your mother, though I believe I love you with more than a mother's affection.

Alcimna. Oh! can you be so cruel, and yet say so?

Chloe. You are of one of the noblest families of the city: it is now sixteen years

since the person who conducted us here, confided you to my care, at the command of your father, who had been directed by the Gods to place you in this country. He is now come to reclaim you.

Alcimna. Heavens! how astonishing is all this! Yet it must be true; you would never amuse yourself with my ignorance! but if it is so, Evander and you must accompany me to the town: tell me, is it true, that you mean to go with me. I will never depart without you: never! See, some one approaches from the tent: he must be a nobleman by the richness of his dress. His countenance is mild and friendly. How my heart beats! if I am to meet my father here, I wish that this may be him.

SCENE II.

ARATES, SERVANT, two FEMALE ATTENDANTS, CHLOE, ALCIMNA.

Arates. (*Coming from the tent, to his servant*)

vant) Yes, my faithful friend, thy important services shall be rewarded. But art thou certain it is the woman to whom thou gavest my child?

Servant. Certain, my Lord. I should have recollected her features, even if she had not been able to produce the ring which I gave her at the same time. Your daughter is so lovely that you will easily recognise her. There she is.

Arates. (Approaching her) Welcome! my beloved child! my daughter! dearest, best gift of heaven. Embrace me, my child.

Alcimna. Thou art my father: my swelling heart acknowledges thee.

Arates. Thy enraptured father! Oh! how shall I express my gratitude to the Gods? worthy woman, how shall I repay thy tender care of my child?

Chloe. My lord, the Gods have rewarded me for all my anxiety. I give you back your daughter, lovely in innocence and beauty.

Arates. How beautiful is the genuine simplicity of the heart! Once more, embrace me, my beloved child. Chloe! I will reward thy tender care. Return for the present to thy house; I will soon summon thee again. I will hasten to the king, to inform him of my joy. Remain in the mean time here, my beloved child, with the attendants I have provided for thee.

Chloe. Farewell! dearest daughter! I will ever call thee by that tender name. I will return to my hut.

Alcimna. Farewell, my mother! but do not leave me long. Will you soon return?

Chloe. Oh! yes.——

SCENE III.

ALCIMNA, two ATTENDANTS.

1*st. Attendant.* How happy we are to have been fixed upon for your service.

2*d.*

2d. Attendant. More particularly so, if you honor us with your favor.

Alcimna. You are very kind to express so much affection for me, in the first moment that you see me, damsels.

1st. Attendant. We are entirely at your command.

Alcimna. I know not what to command. How can one person have so many wants that she requires two people constantly by her to supply them? either she must be very fantastic and discontented, or they must have nothing to do but to look at each other.

2d. Attendant. A maiden of quality should never employ herself but with trifles: she should leave all the rest for us to do, your glance should command, and we should fly to obey. There are always a thousand things which you may think of having done for you.

Alcimna. I can scarce help smiling at you. It is as if I was to wish for a violet which I saw blooming

blooming near me, and was to call one of my companions to get it for me, instead of taking the trouble of plucking it myself.

1st. *Attendant.* And you ought to do so, even supposing it was within the reach of your hand.

Alcimna. I can never be so shamefully indolent.

2d. *Attendant.* Permit me to explain to you, that you must exchange the simple manners of the country for the fashions of the court. A woman of condition must live suitably to her rank.

Alcimna. But I cannot help thinking that our manners are better and more convenient, because we acquire them of ourselves, and they do not need to be learnt with as much trouble as it takes to teach a bird a strange song. Tell me something of the customs of the town; I fear, I fear they will be very irksome to me.

1st. *Attendant.* In the morning when you awake—and that must not be till noon—a lady of

of condition never awakes at the same time with her servants.

Alcimna. Till noon! what! shall I no longer hear the gay song of the lark; no longer see the sun rise?

2*d. Attendant.* Oh! these are trifles, beneath the attention of a woman of rank.

Alcimna. A most unpromising beginning this; but go on.

2*d. Attendant.* When you awake we shall be by you to assist you to arise, and to help you to dress, which must occupy an hour and a half at least. The rest of the afternoon may be spent in improving and finishing your dress.

Alcimna. What a strange kind of dress must that be which will require an hour and a half to put it on. As you see me, (and I am as neatly and as well dressed as any maiden in the country) I am not a quarter of an hour in tying up my hair, in washing my face in the stream, and placing fresh new-blown flowers in

in my hair and bosom. I am always ready by sun-rise.

1*st. Attendant.* As soon as you are dressed, you will receive visits. On your first arrival in town you will be the subject of conversation in all companies. The youth of both sexes at court will hasten to see the stranger: you will be entertained with a thousand pleasures, balls, music, feasts.

2*d Attendant.* Your beauty will draw around you a crowd of admirers. You must be careful to behave with great civility to all, but to distinguish none. Think how flattering it will be to your pride, to behold them vying with each other in wit, in dress, and above all, in attention to you.

Alcimna. Oh! no; it will not be pleasing to me, no! certainly it will not.

2*d. Attendant.* How! will it not be delightful to you to be adored by all the young noblemen, and envied by all the beauties of the court?

Alcimna.

Alcimna. No; nothing can be less agreeable to me; since I neither can, nor will dissemble: since I will never deign to make any one believe I entertain an inclination for him which I am far from feeling: the attention or the affection of these noblemen would be wearying and irksome to me, since I have already given away my heart, and feel that I shall never even wish to reclaim it.

2d. Attendant. How! you have already given away your heart?

Alcimna. Yes—I need not blush to own it. I love a shepherd with my whole heart; and he loves me, above all human beings. He is fair as the rising sun, and mild as the opening spring. When he sings, the nightingale—

1st. Attendant. Ha! ha! ha! Forgive us, gracious lady! we cannot help laughing. A very short residence in town will cure you of this passion. You will laugh at it yourself when you have compared the present object of your love, with the gay and elegant youths whom you will meet with at court. But Oh!

poor

poor swain! what is to console him? he will never recover the loss of you: he will sigh forth his passion to the woods and streams.

Alcimna. Smile not I conjure you. Ere I forget him, may I forget myself. Yes, my beloved, sooner shall the sun quench his all-chearing light, than my heart become faithless to thee. I swear—

1*st. Attendant.* Nay, do not swear. Thy father will never permit thee thus to disgrace thy noble birth.

Alcimna. (Angrily) Noble birth! Is not every birth noble that is honorable? Oh! I cannot understand your precepts! I do not wish to understand them. My father will, I know, be reasonable; he will not wish to separate me from all I most love; to unite me to all I hate. With what pain do I quit you, ye silent shades! ye lovely scenes! ye pleasing, innocent employments! with what grief shall I exchange you for the tumultuous pleasures of a court. But I leave you, to accompany a beloved father. He will not have sought me here, to render me unhappy; and

I shall be inexpressibly so, if he divides me from him whom I so dearly love. Oh my friend! relieve me from my uneasiness, tell me he will not separate us?

1*st. Attendant.* *(Aside)* The poor child is so desperately in love, that she will never accompany us to the town, unless we flatter her passion. *(Aloud)* Your father will be ever kind and indulgent;—at least I hope so.

Alcimna. I not only hope it; I believe it. When I see him, I will bathe him with my tears, I will cling round his knees as the ivy entwines the oak; I will weep, I will entreat him, and then certainly—but let me go; my shepherd will be impatient at my long absence.

1*st. Attendant.* Excuse me; you cannot possibly see him.

Alcimna. How! not see him?

1*st. Attendant.* No.

Alcimna.

Alcimna. Oh let me! why should I not see him?

2d. Attendant. We have received orders to lead you to your tent, and to equip you in the dress becoming your rank.

Alcimna. But that will detain me too long: you must promise not to be an hour in putting it on.

2d. Attendant. Oh! only a few minutes.

Alcimna. Well then—let us be quick.

(Exeunt.)

Evander. (In the dress of a Prince.)

How irksome, how wearying is the continual tumult that reigns around me! how long it is since I have seen my Alcimna! It is already evening; and who knows how long she waited for me by the stream. I hastened there too late, and sought her in vain. I sought her in vain amid the shades consecrated to our love. Alas! that I cannot find her; that I cannot communicate to her all that has happened, and

and tell her, that my happiness depends upon her alone. Yes, my beloved! in thy arms I shall recover from the distraction which oppresses me. My father knows not yet of my love: but why should he disapprove of my affection for the loveliest, the best of maidens. He never will wish me to break the sacred oath which I have sworn before the altar of the Gods; for among all the families of princes, no fair one can be more virtuous, more beautiful than she. I will seek her; she shall array herself in the snow-white robe she wears on festival-days; she shall entwine a fresh garland in her hair, and I will lead her to my father, and tell him that I have sworn eternal love to her. But will she readily consent to accompany me? will it not grieve her to quit these peaceful shades? Yes, but her affection for me will overcome every other attachment. How will she be astonished to behold me in this dress.—How inventive is man, what riches, what magnificence have I seen in my father's tent! Can men really need all these? How little do we possess here, and yet we have been contented. I have never missed any of the luxuries and indulgencies which surround him, and appear so necessary to his happiness.

happiness.—I fear, I fear my days of peace and tranquillity are past for ever. I am summoned to greater, to more active employments. May the Gods support me! Ye tranquil shades, ye softly rushing streams, ye lovely scenes in which the happy hours of my regardless youth passed swiftly and unheeded away, unwillingly I leave your peaceful retreats. Ye flocks! which I have tended with so much care, I forsake you, to take upon me a more important charge: to govern and direct a nation that entrusts its happiness to me. It will indeed be delightful to provide for the welfare of thousands: but will not this effort be too great for my powers, this burthen too heavy for my strength?—Oh happiest of my days! I shall never lose the recollection of you. As often as spring returns, I will visit this spot with my Alcimna. We will offer sacrifices to the Gods under every shade that has refreshed us, that has witnessed our affection and our happiness. Oh Alcimna! I hasten to thee: on thy bosom my throbbing heart shall find rest; with thee——

SCENE

SCENE V.

PHYRRHUS. EVANDER.

Pyrrhus. My son! wherefore hast thou absented thyself so long from me?

Evander. I am visiting for the last time these peaceful scenes to which I must bid farewell.

Pyrrhus. Dost thou quit them with regret then? tell me, have the riches, the splendour with which the Gods have blessed thee, no charms for thee?

Evander. This magnificence dazzled me at first. Thy tent glitters in as many colours, as a flowery meadow, gemmed with the morning-dew: but it is not half so beautiful. Wherever I turn, I behold a thousand things whose names and uses are unknown to me. But tell me, my father, is a Prince always surrounded by this crowd of tiresome and frivolous men?

Pyrrhus.

Pyrrhus. Where power and riches are, the good and bad will assemble.

Evander. Just as, round a fruit-tree in blossom, the bees, and noxious insects flutter.

Pyrrhus. Exactly.

Evander. But it is tormenting to me, to be surrounded by a swarm of people to do me services of which I have no need. I cannot bear their abject submission; they behave as if I were not a mortal like themselves.

Pyrrhus. My son, these are the privileges of princes; and ill reward the anxiety and fatigue we impose on ourselves, when we undertake to defend the laws, and watch over the safety of a people.—Thou hast much to learn on these subjects:—But tell me, whence comes it that thou appearest so uneasy at the idea of accompanying me to my palace?

Evander. I should accompany thee with delight, if only——

Pyrrhus. Only what?

Evander.

Evander. If Alcimna—Ah!

Pyrrhus. Thou sighest, my son! *(aside)* he is still ignorant of his Alcimna's history. What a delightful surprize have I in store for him!

Evander. If I might only take Alcimna with me!—

Pyrrhus. Alcimna!—I have heard of your love, my son; but before I speak farther on that subject, see the daughter of Arates whom I have chosen for your wife.

Evander. My father! I conjure you—

Pyrrhus. You need only behold her, to love her: she is as beautiful as the light.

Evander. My father; forgive me! it is impossible for me—

Pyrrhus. Be silent: here is her father.

SCENE VI.

ARATES, PYRRHUS, EVANDER.

Arates. Permit me, Prince, to introduce my daughter to you, whose fate has so strongly resembled your own. But wherefore are you so melancholy? Prince?

Evander. I must see her, since it will gratify you and my Father. *(Aside)* Oh Heavens! my happiness is vanished for ever!

Arates. I hope no unexpected misfortune has occured to disturb the happiness of this day?

Pyrrhus. An unfortunate passion attaches him to these humble scenes, and makes him resign them with the deepest regret.

Arates.

Arates. The Prince may chuse among the fairest maids of royal birth.

Pyrrhus. I have selected a bride for him whose beauties and virtues cannot fail to make him happy. Where is your daughter?

Arates. She approaches.

SCENE VII.

ALCIMNA,
With her attendants in the back-ground of the scene,
EVANDER, PYRRHUS, ARATES.

Alcimna. Oh Heavens! must I be exhibited then to the Prince, and can I not see him whom alone I love, whom I will love for ever!

Evander. *(In a pensive attitude, covering his face with his hands)* She comes. Oh! wretch that I am.

Alcimna. What shall I say to him?

Evander. *(Starting, looking up)* Heavens! that sweet, that plaintive voice.

Alcimna. Gods! support me—'tis my Evander.

Evander. Oh ecstacy! art thou my Alcimna? *(embracing her)* does no dream deceive me? It is, it is Alcimna.

Alcimna. Oh my beloved! what rapture! how wonderfully are we restored to each other.

Evander. This moment, which I considered the most unfortunate of my life, has made me the happiest of all human beings.

Pyrrhus. May the Gods bless your love, my children, they have designed you for each other. Are you contented that it should be so, my friend?

Arates. I cannot sufficiently recover from my

my astonishment, to express my joy and gratitude to you as I ought to do.

Pyrrhus. Come, my children, the shepherds of the hamlet shall assist at our joyful festival.

ERASTUS.

A DRAMATIC PIECE IN ONE ACT.

ERASTUS.

SCENE I.

(The scene represents a solitary spot before the cottage of Erastus, surrounded by shrubs and trees.)

ERASTUS.

(Entering with a gun in his hand, which he throws discontentedly aside.)

I RETURN unsuccessful! our bread is all consumed, and I went out in the hope of procuring some game for our subsistence. But in vain have I wandered all the afternoon on the parched hills beneath the scorching sun. No matter!—famine will soon put an end to our misery. I will go in—but hold! let me first recover

recover some tranquillity: I must conceal my anguish from Lucinda. Oh Heavens! with what virtue, with what patience does she endure this bitter, this consuming poverty! even when she weeps in solitude over our mutual misery, at the sound of my step she wipes away her tears, she hastens with smiles to meet me, nor betrays an emotion which can encrease my anguish, by envincing that she partakes it. Oh Heaven! thou wilt not let such virtue pass unrewarded! I could endure my own misfortunes, but the certainty that I have occasioned hers, that I have entailed misery on my poor children, tortures me to the very heart. I can do nothing to requite her generosity. And every day our poverty becomes more extreme, our situation more desperate. The little I possessed is gone: to whom shall I turn for relief? the late storm destroyed the hopes of my scanty harvest. Where, Oh where shall I seek assistance! my father disclaims me: my supplicating letters, those lively descriptions of our misery and our misfortunes have never touched his heart. It is now five years since I wrote last; never has he deigned me an answer. Oh! how can a father shut his heart against his child: how

can

can he abandon him to grief and despair? and my whole crime has been, that I refused to forsake Lucinda, when I had pledged my honour and my affections to her; that I united myself to a woman, who possessed every charm, every advantage but that of a great fortune. But if I had yielded to the severe will of my father, if I had resigned the woman who deserves the reverence of the whole world, to the scoffs and the censures of the suspicious and the lowly-minded, Heavens! would not all riches and honors have been insupportable to me? would not my every pleasure have been embittered by remorse; and shame and discontent have continually pursued me. While even in our present affliction, there is something sweet and soothing in the melancholy tenderness with which we seek to alleviate each other's griefs, in these tears which we give to each other's sufferings. But surely they will not long flow; surely my father will at length be touched with compassion—Ah! here is my little son; Heavens! what will be the fate of my children? I will wipe away my tears: why should I afflict the poor infant?

SCENE

SCENE II.

His youngest Son running to him, and embracing his knees.

Son. My dear father!

Erastus. My dearest child! whence come you so gay?

Son. From the hill, yonder, where I have been sitting with the little goat-herd. How I pity him!

Erastus. Why, my child?

Son. He sat by his goats and wept. "I have not eat a morsel the whole day," said he, "and I am famished with hunger." There is something for thee, said I, and gave him the bread I had for my dinner, which I had kept. To be sure I was hungry myself, but it gave me pleasure to see him eat so heartily, and be so thankful.

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Erastus. Good child! God will bless thee.

Son. I think poor little Felix would have done as much for me, if he had seen me crying for hunger.

Erastus. Didst thou know that we had no more bread in the house?

Son. Yes; and I was glad I had a bit to give him. You know you have always told me that God will take care of those who do good to others.

Erastus. Embrace me, my child. Oh Heaven! thou wilt not suffer such innocence to perish in misery? *(Wiping his eyes.)*

Son. But you weep, my father.

Erastus. Go, my child, go to the brow of yon hill, and try if you can discover your brother returning over the mountains, or Simon coming from the town.

Son. Yes, father. *(Exit)*

SCENE

SCENE III.

ERASTUS alone.

How my heart sinks within me! never before did I feel myself so wretched, so destitute. Oh Heavens! *(walks about anxiously musing)* This best of wives:—these innocent children!—Oh merciful power! who directest my fate, guard me, watch over me; let me not murmur at thy sovereign will, let me not doubt thy providence.—I dare not go into the cottage till my countenance is more composed, till I can assume an appearance of tranquillity. Kind nature comes to my assistance: this cool gale dries away my tears.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, ERASTUS.

Lucinda. (Pressing his hand to her bosom) Welcome

Welcome my beloved, welcome my dearest Erastus!

Erastus. *(Embracing her)* Welcome, dearest wife! How have you spent your hours since we parted?

Lucinda. Very contentedly; as happily as I can spend them separated from you. I sang as I worked.

Erastus. You bear our misfortunes like a heroine.

Lucinda. They do not press heavy on me while I possess you; I am only wretched when I see you suffer.

Erastus. Heavens! how many minds of a stamp inferior to yours, would have regretted with anguish, the tenderness which placed them in so unfortunate a situation!

Lucinda. My beloved! disturb not our peace with reflections like these; injurious to my tenderness and attachment. I swear to you, that my tranquillity is not assumed: possessing

possessing thee, I am happy; and deprived of thee, every other blessing would be worthless in my sight.

Erastus. Can it be true, that in spite of our extreme poverty, of our destitute condition, that thy tranquillity is not assumed, that thy smiles are not often artificial?

Lucinda. I only suffer, when I see you suffer. Think how many thousands are even poorer than we are; and discontent would only encrease our afflictions.

Erastus. Poorer? nay, not poorer than we are now; no bird under the Heavens is so destitute. We have not a morsel of food in our hut; I have wandered all day in vain over the hills, in search of game. I could endure it;—thy fortitude might teach me to support it;—but when I look on my children—Oh Heavens! when I anticipate what they must suffer—my heart is broken!

Lucinda. My beloved husband! let us not sink down spiritless, under the contemplation of a misfortune, which may not even yet

yet overtake us. Our eldest son is gone into the wood to collect fruit; he will not return empty handed; and even if he should, we may still hope some relief from Simon, who is gone to the town.

Erastus. I am ashamed, my Lucinda, that every anxiety should have power to shake me thus.

Lucinda. (Shewing him a piece of embroidery) And besides;—see here, this piece of work is finished. Simon may take it to-morrow to the merchant's wife who has always paid me so well for my needle-work. Be not impatient, my beloved. Recollect, that when our circumstances were at the worst, we always met some unexpected relief.

Erastus. What a treasure of comfort do I find in thy superior mind! yet I cannot lay aside all my uneasiness. What will become of our children: forsaken by all, what path can we point out to them which may lead them to happiness?

Lucinda. The path of virtue.

Erastus. Yes, my beloved, but how difficult is it, surrounded by misfortune, to preserve our virtues untainted in our own bosoms. Happy will it be for them, unfortunate children, if they are not obliged to relinquish every advantage of their birth and rank, and to associate with the lowest and the meanest of the people. Oh my father! never may the sighs of anguish which thy severity has extorted from me, be echoed to thy soul. Never may they chill thy heart, even though thy grand-children, unknown to thee, should beg their bitter morsel at thy door.

Lucinda. You survey, in too melancholy a light, their future prospects; how many avenues to happiness has Providence still left open to them.

Erastus. Yes, but where misfortune has once fixed itself, succeeding evils press upon each other: Heaven knows, we have found it so: scarce had my father abandoned me, when by unforeseen disasters, our little fortune was dwindled away; what help, what counsel, what hope was left us? the world renounced us. What remained for us?

Lucinda.

Lucinda. To forsake the world; to take refuge in this delightful solitude, and here peacefully to await the decisions of providence.

Erastus. To arm ourselves with reason to ward off despair. Can that be called a state of peace, of happiness?

Lucinda. The circumstances in which Heaven has placed us, are not so very wretched: how impious is it to murmur against its decrees. I have just been visiting our poor neighbour: is not her fate much more deplorable than ours? She is old, and helpless, and much poorer than we are. She has long been afflicted with a painful illness: she has nothing to look forward to in this life, but a continuation of sickness and poverty, and yet how seldom do they extort an expression of impatience or discontent from her. Her only hope is death: yet what tortures has she probably to suffer, before he finally comes to close the scene of her anguish: she is ignorant and uneducated; and shall we, whose minds have been formed by cultivation, and strengthened by adversity, shall we poorly sink beneath our humbler burthen, and encrease, by vain re-

pinings, those evils which fortitude and resignation may alleviate.

Erastus. Oh! my Lucinda! how great is my happiness in possessing thee: thou hast strengthened my feeble mind; thou hast shed a ray of comfort on my heart: not like the radiance of a gay spring morning it breaks upon me, but with the softened lustre of the rising moon. Yet one thought still torments me, the recollection of my father; the certainty that he has banished me for ever from his heart:—Oh! on thy dying bed, my father! that dying bed which thy rejected son dares not approach, to bathe thee with his tears, to close thy eyes, to catch the last accents from thy trembling lips; in that solemn hour, think, Oh! think of the wretched being, to whom thou gavest life; remember me, and bless me!

Lucinda. Recover thyself, my beloved. Thy reason has again yielded to these melancholy images. Oh God! when I recollect that for me—

Erastus. Stay, for Heaven's sake, nor give

give utterance to such a thought: reproach not thy innocent, thy spotless self; I were unworthy of the happiness of possessing thee, if I could listen to such a reflection.

Lucinda. I will not utter a syllable that can give thee pain. But let me express my hopes to thee: how, if thy father had in his heart forgiven thee; if he were uneasy at the unknown fate of his son;—

Erastus. Oh! that thought has often cheered my gloomiest hours; it has supported me whole days, in which I have waited in vain, (alas! ever in vain) an answer to our supplicating letters; letters, which, Oh Heavens! might have touched the heart of a stranger, of an indifferent one, who, if he had casually found them in the street, might have wept over such lively descriptions of human anguish;—but my father!—

Lucinda. But may we not be condemning him unjustly? may he not be ignorant—

Erastus. Some angel whispered that suggestion to thee, my Lucinda.—Oh! my father!

ther! is it possible that thou canst eternally hate him whom thou hast once so loved? Canst thou, who wast so delighted to trace the first sparks of intelligence in my infant mind, reject me for ever? Oh no! thou wilt restore thy affection to me; perhaps, (Oh! soothing thought) perhaps already he weeps over the fate of the son he has abandoned. How delightful is this hope: I will write to him; I will relate to him every circumstance that can move him; every thing which my filial affection, and our distress, can dictate. Come, my Lucinda, let us go into our hut; I shall have need of thy assistance.

(They retire into the cottage.)

SCENE V.

SIMON.

Are they gone?—I would not have them discover me. 'Tis a bad sign, when I must shrink from them thus. And my heart! *(laying*

ing his hand on his breast) how unmercifully it is beating! what a heavy weight oppresses it! Old boy, thy conscience is too tender; in other circumstances, the act thou hast committed might be called a criminal one; but my designs and my situation sufficiently excuse it. And yet I feel as if I had been guilty of a crime: if any one should come before I have recovered myself. *(He takes out a purse of gold)* A very considerable sum; this will support us for a long time to come: but obtained by plunder, by robbery on the high-way!—robbing!—why should that word chill the blood in my veins? Quiet thyself, conscience, it was the first, and it will be the last time. I would rather endure every necessity and live in good fellowship with thee, than enjoy every luxury deprived of thy friendship. To relieve the helpless misery which surrounds me, I have deprived a stranger of that which he can only miss till he returns home, for there he may instantly reimburse himself from his full coffers. By Heavens it is a shame, that so many worthless beings should wanton in luxuries, while my brave master, his wife and children, and myself, are pining with want and hunger in this solitude.

solitude. My blood boils when I see these haughty oppressors, (who reckon the poor and the helpless as the beasts of the fields) wantoning in voluptuousness, and consuming in riot and debauchery, the riches they have for the most part, gained by tyranny and fraud, while the poor languish, and the wretched deplore with bitter tears, the inequality with which the blessings of fortune are dispensed. It is just that they should seize their share:—no, I do not repent what I have done; I—Heavens! I heard a rustling!—Some one is coming;—No—I tremble as if I had been dragged through cold water. Old fool! canst thou not learn even on such an occasion to dissemble? Now then, that I may not be taken unawares, let me consider what I must say. I must not tell the truth to my master.—Silence, conscience! alas! how one crime leads on to another. I must say—Well? what, old blockhead?—I must say—I shall betray myself in the first moment.——Oh! now I have it;—I must say that I met a gentleman in the town, who knew me, but whom I did not know; and he asked me if I was still in the service of Erastus. And when I answered yes, he—Oh! he knew of our

our misfortunes—he had compassion—Hush! hush! here is some one coming: 'tis the two boys; there is no being quiet a moment. I shall play my part excellently.

SCENE VI.

SIMON, the two SONS of Erastus.

Eldest Son. Ah Simon! is it you?

2d. Son. Welcome home, Simon!

(Simon, quite lost in thought, does not take any notice of them.)

1st Son. You are not in a good humour, Simon,

Simon. Oh yes! but I have got something into my foolish head:—

2d Son. You stayed a long while in the town,

Simon.

Simon. Yes, I had a great deal to do there.

1*st Son.* Did you bring back any thing with you?

Simon. Yes, a great deal.

2*d Son.* Oh! that's a good Simon!

1*st Son.* I have been seeking fruit in the wood: see, I have got a whole basket full.

Simon. You're a brave boy: we shall live merrily now.

2*d. Son.* Oh! how I long to be as big as my brother, that I may help you as he does.

1*st Son.* Dear boy! you will soon be able.

2*d Son.* Kiss me, dearest brother! Oh! how glad I am: and how rejoiced my father and mother will be: we had not a morsel to eat; and now here is plenty. Poor mama! I saw her cry to-day as she was working. I came without her observing me into the room when

when she sat at her frame, and the tears were trickling down her cheeks. But when she looked up, and saw me, she wiped them away, as if she would not have me know she had been crying. Tell me, Simon! why do my father and mother weep so often? it grieves my heart to see them.

1*st Son.* And mine too; tell us, Simon! tell us, if you know.

Simon. I believe, because they are so poor.

1*st Son.* Poor? we?

2*d Son.* Our neighbours on the hill are poor, but not we.

1*st Son.* I understand it: we are poor now and then. To-day we were poor, but now we are no longer so: we have plenty just at present. We are rich now, are we not?

Simon. Ha! ha! ha! poor children!

2*d Son.* Do not laugh at us, Simon. People

ple are rich when they have enough, are they not? And we have plenty for five days at least.

Simon. Dear children!

1*st Son.* Well Simon; only tell us, if we are poor who have enough, what can they have who are rich?

Simon. They have more than enough;

1*st Son.* Well, but what can they do with it?

Simon. Why they are not often content, even with it.

2*d Son.* What strange people!

1*st Son.* Perhaps they give it to the poor who want it.

Simon. On the contrary, they often rob the poor to add to their own stores.

2d Son. Oh! Simon, Simon! you are joking with us. There cannot be such people; can there, brother?

1st Son. I can never believe it. You ought not to tell stories, Simon.

Simon. It is but too true: the town is full of such people.

1st Son. Well, if I was rich, I would assist our poor neighbours on the hill, as my father and mother do.

2d Son. Yes, so would I.

1st Son. I know no greater pleasure: I can scarce help crying for joy, when I see a poor creature thanking us, and blessing us, because we have given him, what we can scarcely miss ourselves.

2d Son. Nor I either, brother.

1st Son. But do tell us, Simon, why my father and mother weep so often. I can never believe it is because they are not rich.

Simon.

Simon. It is perhaps because they are no longer able to assist those who are distressed.

1*st Son.* Oh yes! Simon: now you have guessed it. I think, when I remember that, I could cry too, because we are not rich. But come, brother, let us go into the hut. Come, Simon!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

SIMON, alone.

Am I alone once more? Yes, they are gone. Let me wipe these dews of terror and anguish from my forehead. Chear up, old man! I will go now into the cottage—but what shall I say?—I believe I have forgot again in my agitation: tremble not thus, old boy; stand erect; raise thine eyes from the ground: thou art but a sorry deceiver. I am too old to learn a new trade; at least to learn one

one so contrary to my nature. Oh! if I succeed but this once!—Heavens! here is my master. Good fortune attend me!

SCENE VIII.

ERASTUS. SIMON.

Erastus. Welcome, my faithful Simon. Are you not fatigued? 'tis a long journey from here to the town.

Simon. No, I am not tired—I brought back a few necessaries with me.

Erastus. Go and unload yourself, carry them into the hut, and then return to me here. *(Exit Simon.)*

Erastus. (Looking after him) Faithful old man! Oh! that it may ever be in my power to reward his services.—My bosom expands once more with hope: I have begun my letter, I will finish it this evening. The sweetest hope,

hope, and the most bitter anxiety, by turns possess my breast. What a pleasure, Oh Heavens! what a delight to receive the sweet pledge of reconciliation from my forgiving father. How shall I bathe with my tears the blessed paper which assures me of his pardon, of his affection. But what horror, if he is still unmoved by my supplications! Oh Heaven! listen to my prayer, let him not descend into the grave in anger with me. How if I were to send Simon to him with my eldest boy? The journey indeed is a long one, but if the lovely innocent child were to present my letter to him, if he were to embrace the old man's knees, and supplicate a blessing for me, and for himself—Oh! excellent! excellent! Thus does misery cheat itself with a thousand delusions, only to render its waking from them more painful, more tormenting. Who is to provide for the expenses of such a journey?—*(He walks about musing: Simon has stood some time on one side without Erastus' having observed him: at length he perceives him)* Are you here again? Simon, my best friend! Oh how can I reward thy kindness to me.

Simon. Your kindness to me is a continual

nual reward for the little I have been able to do for you.

Erastus. Oh no! your friendship is beyond all recompense: when my father, and with him, the whole world had forsaken me, you alone refused to quit me: you knew, that with me there was nothing to hope, that I had scarce a comfort left for myself; and yet you followed me into poverty and wretchedness—you suffered want and penury with me.

Simon. Oh! my dear master! how greatly do you overvalue my services!—there is—*(Offering him the purse.)*

Erastus. What my friend?

Simon. Only take it, take it.

Erastus. How? What?

Simon. 'Tis money that I brought from town with me.

Erastus. Money? why does your hand tremble so?

Simon. My hand? it trembles, I believe, with joy.

Erastus. Your voice falters. What is this?

Simon. Gold, gold, my lord: consider how much you need it: do you not rejoice to have it?

Erastus. Thy strange manner makes me uncertain whether I ought to rejoice. Who gave it you?

Simon. I—I was forbidden to tell you that.

Erastus. Well my friend: do not distress me; take it back again. I cannot accept it till I know in what manner you came by it.

Simon. I cannot take it again. What scruples are these?

Erastus. Speak the truth, then.

Simon. As I was returning over the hills I—I found it.

Erastus.

Erastus. Simon, your tongue is not accustomed to falsehood: it betrays you.

Simon. I believe you can see into my heart.

Erastus. No; but you so little know how to dissemble, that your gestures contradict your words.

Simon. Well, now I will tell you all. Some one gave it me.

Erastus. Oh Simon! was it a friend of mine.?

Simon. Very likely: he was a gentleman; he asked me if I was still in your service, and when I answered yes—

Erastus. Well?

Simon. He gave this purse full of money to carry to you.

Erastus. Did you not know his name.?

Simon. No; I can't recollect that I ever saw him before. *(Aside)* Oh! that our conversation was at an end!

Erastus. I begin to believe that you have not seen him now. Oh Simon! why will you for the first time attempt to deceive me?

Simon. I have told you the truth however. Excuse me, sir, I must go. *(Exit.)*

Erastus. This is wonderful: some mystery must lie concealed: or wherefore should the good old man be so agitated? The last story appears as improbable as the first. I will follow him; I cannot rest till I have fathomed this affair. *(Going.)*

Simon. (Comes back slowly and reluctantly, and stands with his eyes fixed on the ground, before Erastus.) My lord forgive me! I cannot support the thought of deceiving you: it would embitter every hour of my life. I will confess all to you: though I do not know that what I have done is as bad as my conscience would make me believe. I—

Erastus.

Erastus. For Heaven's sake, speak.

Simon. I took it from a traveller.

Erastus. How! robbed it?

Simon. I will tell you all. As I was returning from the town through the solitary paths among the mountains that lead to our wilderness, I seated myself on a cliff to rest, and looked down on the distant city: I gazed on the Heaven-aspiring palaces, the resorts of gluttony and debauchery, where the poor and wretched pine in vain at the gates, while the rich squander in idle luxury the treasures that would relieve their distresses. The more I considered of it, the more it enraged me, to think that such worthless beings as these should revel in luxuries, while you, one of the best, the most virtuous of men, and my mistress, the most excellent woman on the face of the earth, should wear out your lives in penury and wretchedness in this obscure retreat. I was almost mad when I considered our circumstances, and recollected that there was not a morsel of bread under your roof. Is it just, thought I, that the blessings of fortune should be

be thus unequally divided; that one man should monopolize and misuse those treasures which would give comforts and sufficiency to hundreds? Just as these reflections crossed my mind, a traveller on horse-back came up to me, well-mounted and well-dressed. How if I were to make this man contribute to the relief of our necessities? my indignation gave me courage: but my conscience a moment after made a coward of me. He shall give the half of what he has about him: I do not wish for superfluities, but it is not just that we should starve: in the mean time the traveller had passed me: I threw my burden into the thicket, I pursued him: my heart beat as if it would have burst. I seized the bridle of his horse with one hand; in the other I held my knife: stop! cried I, in a faltering voice, give me this instant half of the money you have about you. Attempt not, as you value your life, to cry out for assistance: otherwise I will call my party together, and then you may not escape so easily.—The traveller must have been almost as great a coward as myself, or he would have perceived how I was agitated: how I trembled as I held the bridle. He gave me this purse; I returned, pale as death, into the thicket,

thicket, and found myself there, as if awaking from a dream. When I consider the matter on all sides, I really do not think I deserve to be hanged.

Erastus. And you, respectable old man, is it possible you could have resolved upon such a deed?

Simon. I wish the gold had vanished thro' my fingers!—But sir, consider it rightly, every circumstance combines to excuse me.

Erastus. No circumstances can excuse an execrable crime.

Simon. I am sure I did not think it was so wicked.

Erastus. I shall never be at peace till this money is restored to its owner.

Simon. But where shall we find him? Oh cursed gold!—He gave it away very readily, as if he would not miss such a trifle; it only appears a great sum to you, because so many years

years have passed since you have seen so much together.

Erastus. There is nothing that can palliate the crime of taking away the property of another. Go Simon! go to that cliff which overlooks the road, perhaps you may see him again.

Simon. Must I then—

Erastus. What?

Simon. Must I myself give it to him again?

Erastus. Take it away; I leave it to yourself to decide what you ought to do.

Simon. Well, I will go to the cliff, and look out for him. But hush! hark! do you not hear a horse?—Perhaps I am discovered, and the messengers of justice are coming to seize me. Yet, why should one ever suppose the worst—Yonder comes some one—Heavens! it is he himself.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

CLEON, in the dress of a traveller, ERASTUS, SIMON.

Cleon. Sir, I have lost my way among these mountains, and have not been able to overtake my servants, whom I sent before to inquire it. I came at length within sight of your cottage; forgive me, if—*(perceiving Simon)* Heavens! I am lost for ever!

Simon. It is he himself! *(He steals into the back ground of the theatre.)*

Erastus. Wherefore do you start?

Cleon. I entreat you to spare me: that gentleman was so good as only to demand the half of what I had about me; I gave him a great deal more; and I assure you I have only enough left to defray the expenses of my journey.

Erastus. Forgive, sir, Oh! Forgive the terror

terror that we have caused you: we are no band of robbers, but merely wretched beings who have sought refuge from the world in this solitude. The money you have been robbed of, shall be immediately returned to you. Simon!

Simon. (Advances trembling to Cleon) Sir, I am ashamed to appear before you: permit me to restore *that* to you, of which only necessity and despair could induce me to deprive you. I intended to have pursued you to return it to you. Alas! the wretched situation of my master and his family, our extreme want has urged me to a deed, of which, otherwise, I could certainly never have been capable. May that Being, who knows my heart, forgive me! There, sir, take it instantly back: take from me a burden, that would have disquieted me the rest of my life.

While Simon is speaking, Erastus considers the stranger with great attention.

Cleon. Forgive the injustice I have done you: I pity you sincerely.—I entreat you, sir, to accept this trifle: I will not take it

it back. I wish I could be of more assistance to you: but on a journey, one is unwilling to burthen one's self with any considerable sum.

Erastus. Excuse me, sir! *(Aside)* Heavens! those features! that look!—

Cleon. Will you not allow me the pleasure of being of the slightest assistance to you? I assure you I have still enough left for my journey. I must then give it to this good man, who I believe is your servant.

Simon. I have no scruples, sir, I accept it most thankfully.

Erastus. My heart yields you a thousand thanks! Oh Heavens! my situation was once like yours: I too have known the luxury of relieving the distresses of others. Excuse, Oh! excuse my tears.

Cleon. My friend!—allow me to call you by that name—your manners, your sentiments, convince me that you are of no mean birth, some

some fatal misfortune must have placed you in this situation.

Erastus. Alas! I have nothing left me in this world but my honor, and an unspotted conscience.

Cleon. My friend! in preserving those, you are still enviable. I possess all the blessings of wealth, but how willingly would I resign them to purchase peace of mind: I have committed a deed, the remembrance of which continually torments me: remorse, like a frightful spectre pursues my every step: I know not if it will be in my power in this world, to atone for the evil I have done. Oh Heavens! in what anguish will the last years of my feeble age pass away, if I cannot meet again him whom I have so cruelly injured. My friend, you are still young: preserve, Oh! preserve the inestimable treasure of an unspotted conscience, to be the comfort of your declining years: Heavens! what torment, when its reproaches embitter the last hours of our life, and bring down our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. For a long time past have I, in spite of my increasing years and infirmities,

infirmities, been continually travelling from place to place in order to discover some traces of him whom I so much love, whom I have so cruelly injured. Perhaps, Oh! horrid thought, sorrow has already put an end to his youthful days. What earth conceals his mouldering ashes? What Heaven sheds its soft dews and showers on the place of his rest? Oh if I knew! I would hasten to the sacred spot: I would strew my gray locks on the grave of my unfortunate son. I would consume the rest of my days in tears and anguish beside it: I would await there that death which can alone put a period to my sufferings. You weep; may Heaven reward you for your compassion! alas! my misery but too justly claims it.

Erastus. How prone is affliction to deceive itself with false hopes: I could almost believe —Heavens! it is impossible! it is impossible— Oh! how I pity you, sir!—you are an unfortunate father, and I—

SCENE

SCENE X.

LUCINDA, CLEON, ERASTUS, SIMON.

Lucinda. My beloved Erastus, you forget yourself, to detain our venerable guest, who is perhaps fatigued with his journey, so long in the damp evening air.—Will you do us the favour, sir, to enter our humble dwelling, and to accept such refreshment as our poverty can offer?

Cleon. Your society will render any accommodations pleasing to me.

Simon. Oh Heavens! what do I see? may I believe my eyes?—This paper I found among the gold—

Erastus. Speak! what is it?

Simon. *(To Cleon)* Is it your name which is upon this ticket? *(Giving him a paper.)*

Cleon.

Cleon. Assuredly, it is.

Simon. Oh Heaven! I could weep like a child:—'tis your father, sir!

Erastus. My father! *(He throws himself at Cleon's feet.)*

Cleon. My children! Oh Heavens! my transport is too great for words. My son! yet how faded, how changed! Alas! to what a state has my cruelty reduced thee. But thou art still my child; I recognise thy beloved features, however altered by grief and long sufferings.—Oh Heavens! how wonderful, how unexpectedly fortunate!—

Erastus. My father! Oh my father!

Lucinda. And may I call you by that tender name! may I bathe this paternal hand with my tears?

Simon. (Leading in the two children) There, children! kneel you down too. We are happy,

py, we are happy once more: I am almost out of my wits with joy.

Cleon. Oh! rise, my son! support me. These emotions are too powerful for my strength. Embrace me. Are those lovely infants thine? may Heaven bless them! Lucinda, my daughter!—Merciful powers! ye have at length put a period to my sufferings. Three years has my awakened conscience tormented me with incessant remorse. Three years ago, a painful illness brought me to the borders of the grave; and in the awful moment, when eternity seemed opening to receive me, I thought of thee, and regret and horror of my cruelty and neglect of thee, shook my very soul. Oh! how I moaned on my bed of pain, how I called upon thee! Oh Heavens! I exclaimed, let me but live to receive his forgiveness, and then will I joyfully expire upon his bosom. From that hour, I have sought thee continually: I have wandered from country to country in pursuit of thee. This blessed day reunites us to part no more. Forgive me, my children! forgive my severity. I have been sufficiently punished.

Erastus.

Erastus. My father!

Lucinda. Oh! do not make yourself a single reproach: this blissful hour recompenses all our sufferings. Come into the cottage:—recover yourself: we all have need of refreshment and repose.

THE DELUGE.

THE DELUGE.

SEMIN and SEMIRA.

THE lofty pinnacles of the marble temples were already buried deep beneath the waves, and black mountainous billows rolled over the summits of the highest hills. One lofty mountain alone reared its brow above the wide waste of waters. The shrieks of lamentation and despair echoed over its foam-covered sides; the wild cries of wretched beings who expected death in every wave. Here a fragment of the mountain breaking away, was precipitated with its whole burden of despairing creatures, into the foaming tide. And there a bursting water-spout, dashed with its wild torrent a son from his father's arms, who was exerting his last strength to carry his darling higher up the mountain.

The

The highest pinnacle of the mountain now alone rose above the waste of waters. On this spot, Semin, a noble youth, (to whom the loveliest of her sex had vowed eternal affection) had placed his beloved Semira. The flood had buried every human being but themselves; they stood alone amid the howling storm. The billows broke around them, the thunder rolled above their heads, and at their feet raged a tempestuous ocean. A horrible darkness reigned uninterrupted, save by the pale flashes of lightning; every approaching billow threatened destruction; every returning wave flowed back heavy with the weight of unnumbered corses to the main.

Semira pressed her lover to her trembling bosom. Tears, blended with the heavy raindrops, rolled over her pallid cheeks, as she said in a faltering voice, "No hope, no refuge remains for us, my beloved Semin; death encircles us on every side. Oh grief! Oh distraction, every instant it approaches nearer to us. Which of these billows will bury us beneath its foaming waters? support me in thy trembling arms, my Semin! in a few moments we shall be no more; we shall have perished in the

the general ruin; see! Oh! see! the waves approach that are to destroy us, faintly illuminated by the lightning's flash I see them gain upon us. Oh God! Oh avenger!" she said, and sunk insensible on Semin's bosom.

His trembling arms supported the fainting maid; his quivering lips were silent; he gazed no longer on the wide ruin that surrounded him; he saw only the beloved object reclined on his breast; he felt more than the anguish of death.

He kissed the cold rain-drops from her faded cheek: he pressed her to his bosom, and exclaimed, "Semira, my adored Semira! awake! awake once more amid this scene of horror, that thy beloved eyes may shed their last beams on me; thy pale lips tell me, that even in death thou loved'st me: awake once more, ere we both sleep for ever."

He said, and she awoke: she raised her eyes with a look of unutterable tenderness and anguish to him, and then fixed them on the horrors which surrounded her. "Oh Heavens!

vens! is there no hope, no mercy for us? How the waves roar; how the thunders burst above our heads; these speak in awful language thy anger, thy revenge. Oh God! our years have passed away in innocence; he was the most virtuous of youths.—Alas! alas! all the dear relatives who loved me, who delighted to make me happy, have perished. My mother! my dear mother! the wild waves tore thee from my side. She raised her arms as if in blessings over me, and expired! they have all perished; and yet, yet, my Semin! this solitary ruined world would be a paradise to me, if I might survive here with thee. Oh Heavens! our years have passed away in innocence! Have pity on us!—Father of mercies forgive my erring tongue! alas! what mortal can be guiltless in thy sight?"

Semin supported his beloved, who trembled before the whirlwind's blast; "Yes, my Semira!" he said, "the spark of life is extinct on the face of the earth; no human voice disturbs the silence of destruction. Oh my beloved! the approaching moment is our last; all human hope is past for ever. Our past joys, our anticipated pleasures, are equally at

at an end. Death comes upon the bosom of those swelling waves; their white foam already bathes our shuddering limbs. Yes, we must die: let us endeavour to meet with fortitude the common fate: consider, my beloved, what is the longest, the happiest term of human life? a dew-drop suspended to the rock, which vanishes before the morning-sun. Recollect thyself, my Semira! beyond this life is joy and eternity. Let us not tremble to pass over the narrow straight: thus clasped in each other's arms let us await our fate. Soon, my Semira! soon shall our freed spirits soar above these scenes of destruction! soon shall they taste the unutterable joys of eternity: Oh! Heavens! from thee descends the hope that cheers, that animates my fainting soul. Semira! let us raise our hands in supplication to our Almighty Father! shall mortals presume to judge of his ways? he sendeth death to the just and to the unjust: Oh! happy are they, who have walked in the paths of virtue. We supplicate not for life, all-righteous one! but animate, but strengthen the blessed hope of an eternal bliss, which no second death shall destroy. Then let the foaming waves burst over us, let the destruction come! in the moment

moment of death, thy praise shall tremble on our lips; thy righteousness shall be the last thought of our departing souls."

Returning animation flushed Semira's cheek. She raised her hands, and said, "I feel, I feel the blessed hope inspire me: a Heaven of bliss awaits me: all whom I loved have passed thither before me. My mother! I come! soon shall we be reunited, to part no more. Approach, ye billows!—Semin, my beloved, embrace me; death comes upon yon mountain-wave. Embrace me, Semin! leave me not! I float already on the bosom of the deep."

"I clasp thee my Semira! I embrace thee! Oh welcome, death! praised be the eternal justice!"

He said, and the foaming billows closed over them.

THE WISH.

THE WISH.

IF I might hope from fate the completion of my wishes, I would not desire to possess the superfluities of fortune, to reign over my fellow-creatures, or to spread my fame over the most distant regions of the earth;—I would simply ask to retire far from the noise and bustle of a town, (where a thousand snares are spread to entrap the virtuous, and where custom has dignified and established a thousand follies) and to pass the rest of my days in some peaceful solitude, possessed of a cottage and a little orchard, unenvied and content.

My lonely dwelling should stand under the arching shadow of some lofty walnut-trees; its windows should be defended from the sunbeams by their foliage, and cooled by the soft zephyrs that play among their boughs, and peace and tranquillity should dwell beneath the shade. In a little spot, enclosed by a hedge of sweet-briar, before its humble porch,

porch, a clear fountain should murmur over a balustrade, formed by slender poles, thickly entwined by the wandering vine: on the brink of its sparkling waters, the duck should plume her variegated wings; and the ring-dove, descending from the projecting eaves of my cot, should wander nodding among the grass. The variegated tribe of poultry should assemble at my call, and hasten clamourously to the cottage window, to receive their food from my well-known hand.

And in the shadowy recesses of my orchard, the birds should dwell in undisturbed repose, and chant their songs of liberty and joy from every bough. In a sunny corner of my little inclosure, the well-ranged bee-hives should stand, and afford a lesson of industry and content. Their busy inhabitants would willingly remain near my cot, for they delight to dwell, (the peasant says) where peace and tranquillity reign. Behind the house, my spacious garden should extend, where art, with a timid hand, should assist and fulfil the pleasing designs of nature: a filbert-hedge should enclose it, and a vine-covered arbour should rise in one corner, where I would sometimes repair

repair to escape the scorching sun-beams, or to mark the sun-burnt gardener turning up the perfumed soil, and committing the various seeds to its bosom. Or I would take the spade from his hand, incited by his industry, with a desire to labour, while he should stand by, and smile at my inferior strength. I would assist him in binding up the straggling branches of the vine, or in supporting the lilies and carnations, bowed by the wandering zephyr's wing.

A clear stream, rising in my garden, should wander through my meadow, and murmur under the shade of my plantation of fruit-trees, whose young and slender stems, I would tend with my own hands. The pure stream, collecting in the centre of the shade, should form a little lake, and on its banks should rise a bower, from whence I could contemplate, through the opening foliage, a small vineyard of my own, and a field, yellow with the rich, ripening corn. Possessed of these, what were the riches of princes to mine?

But far from the dwelling of Orontes, and undisturbed by his intrusions, be my peaceful cot.

cot. Never may its humble walls echo with his tumultuous harangues; or hear him debate on the chances of peace or war, the crimes of ministers, or the failings of kings. And remove me, kind fate! from the spot, where Dorantes revels in luxury, and plunders the earth, sea, and air, to supply his table with dainties. He comes down to the country only to plunge more deeply into the tide of voluptuousness and debauchery. How weary is the heart-sick guest, confined by those splendid walls, where surrounded, and watched by a crowd, no hour of solitude or peace awaits him throughout the long, long day: he tries to steal a moment for thought and recollection in vain; at that instant a wild and noisy train, alighting from their foaming horses, fly to indulge in the joys of the table; loud uproar and clamour reign at the loaded board, and general and disgusting intoxication concludes the scene. And far be my cottage from thine, meagre Avaro! whose gates are guarded by the half-starved hound, ready to eat the hungry beggar, who vainly hoped a morsel at thy door.

But whither are ye fled, sweet images of peace and bliss! return, and chase the gloom

gloom which these unpleasing pictures have spread, return and lead me to the plain where my humble habitation is to stand. The worthy peasant shall dwell near me in his straw-roofed cot: he shall assist me with his friendly counsel, and I will endeavour to make him happier, for what is so delightful as to be beloved by one's neighbour, to be greeted by the smile of one to whom we have done good.

While he who dwells in a town is awakened by its distracting tumult, while lofty walls, close encompassing him, shut out from him the early sun-beams, and the pure breath of morn—I shall awake, fanned by its fragrant gales, and cheered by the gay songs of unnumbered birds. I shall joyfully start from my couch, and hasten to meet Aurora in the blooming meadows, or on the neighbouring hill.—Oh! simple man, who seekest in childish chains to restrain and fetter the boundless variety of nature: forsake thy straight smooth walks, thy trim-clipt yews, thy artful labyrinths, and thy close-shaven turf, to wander with me amid her grander, nobler scenes. Oh! thou shalt own, some hidden power of beauty and of harmony presides amid

these wild and tangled glades; and breathes into the soul a sweeter, a more rapturous emotion, than any which thy artificial landscapes could supply.

Often shall I wander through the lonely mazes of the thicket; or beneath the cool shade, by some murmuring streamlet's side, yield up my senses to serene repose, lulled by the tinkling of the distant water-fall. Oh! how blissful is it, far from the haunts of men, to listen to the soft-rushing of the brook, the hum of bees, or the lizard stealing through the rustling grass. While through the quivering shade, a transient sun-beam sometimes sheds a passing gleam on my bosom, without disturbing me, or the little grass-hopper leaps against my hand, and alarmed and terrified swiftly pursues his way.

I will wander at midnight beneath the moon's pale ray, wrapt in deep musings on creation's wonders, and on the numerous worlds and suns that blaze above me.

I will walk by the peasant as he follows his deep-furrowing plough, and accompany the merry

merry reapers as they return from their toil. Or join in the songs and dances of the gay youths and maids, at the vintage, when autumn has spread her mellow tints over the hills and woods, and the ripe clusters smile beneath the fading leaves.

Their pleasing labour done, they return with shouts of triumph to the hut: while afar the loud creaking of the wine-press sounds: their savoury meal awaits them, *that* concluded, the song, the tale goes round, and the full bowl, often replenished by their smiling host, who delights to share in, and to inspire their glee. Some peasant now describes the journies he has made, and the wonders he has seen: he tells of houses larger and grander even than the village churches: of lords, whose gilt chariots were drawn by six fine horses, handsomer, far handsomer, than any which the envied miller of the vale possesses. Thus he proceeds, while the young shepherd-boys sit round with open mouths and wondering eyes, eager to catch the tale: another peasant tells how his neighbour was led over a wide heath, and at length plunged in a marsh by *jack-a-lantern's* wandering fire; the tales

concluded, they forsake the hut, to dance by moon-light, till midnight calls them to rest.

When the snows of winter, or the sultry heats of summer deny me the pleasure of my walk, and confine me to my solitary chamber, I will pass my hours amid the noblest society, amid the treasures of wisdom and of genius, which departed ages have bequeathed to us. That volume shall teach me the manners and customs of distant nations, and *that* shall assist me to trace the secrets, and admire the wonders of nature. This one shall portray to me the various aspects of the human mind, and that shall paint to me the graces and charms of virtue:—around me, the sages and the poets of other days shall stand: their path is the way to the truly beautiful; but how few have dared to follow them up the steep ascent; how many have wandered from it into a track, strewed only with vain baubles, and with scentless flowers. Shall I name the sacred few? shall I tell of thee, creative Klopstock! or of thee, Bodmer, who reared the torch of criticism on high, to out-

blaze

blaze and eclipse the deceiving fires of error and false taste. Or of thee, Wieland! whose enchanting muse decks wisdom's sternest forms in fancy's gayest, richest attire, and blends the learning of sages with the "Philosophy of the Graces." Or of thee, descriptive Kleist, whose enchanting pencil portrays the sweetest, softest feelings of our hearts. Why should I tell of you? ye sacred few! the latest ages shall with pride repeat your names.

And sometimes in these retired hours, I shall commit to paper the simple songs which I have composed during my lonely evening-walks through the dark thicket, and by the rushing water-fall, or by moon-light, under the shadowy foliage of the vine: or I will contemplate the laboured engravings, in which the skilful artist has imitated the beauty of nature, and sometimes I will attempt to trace their outline on my canvass.

And often shall the raising of the latch disturb my lonely studies: Oh! how delightful, as the humble door opens, to hasten into the arms of a friend: often returning from my evening walk, may I meet those I love in

my

my porch, we will then wander through the fairest scenes that surround my dwelling: while amidst eager inquiry, and friendly communication, the silent hours steal unheeded away: exercise and health, shall season the simple repast which my garden, my ponds, or my feathered flock supply; our humble board shall be spread in the shady arbour. And often we will sit by moon-light in that bower, and quaff the temperate bowl, over which chastened mirth and glee preside: the merry song shall go round, unless the softer strain of the melancholy nightingale, charm us into hushed and delighted attention.

But whither am I wandering, whither have ye led me, ye fair, ye seducing phantoms? alas! that ye should be but idle dreams; but vain wishes, of which I shall never, never see the completion. Man, ever discontent, gazes wistfully on the distant plains of happiness; he marks not the labyrinths which oppose his passage, and forgets, as he wistfully contemplates treasures beyond his reach, to seize and enjoy the scattered blessings with which the beaten track of life is strewed. Virtue alone

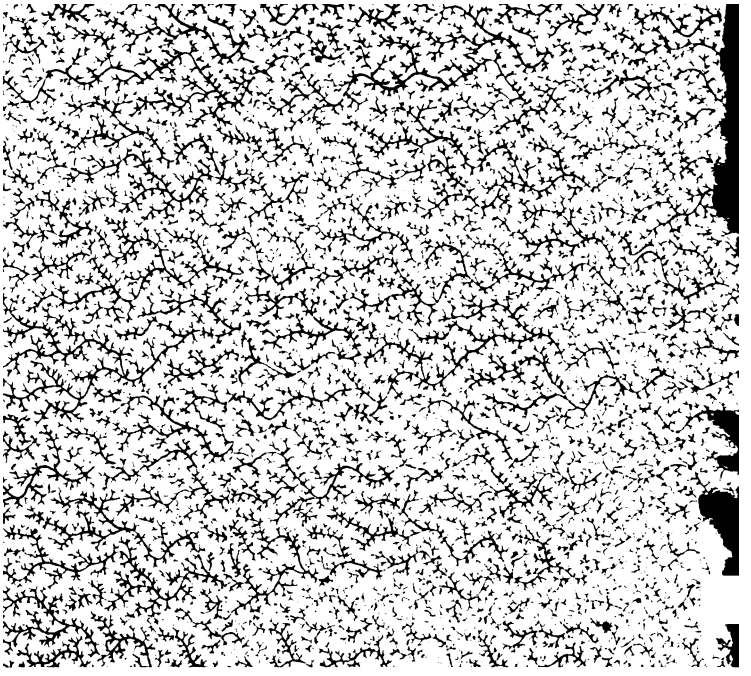
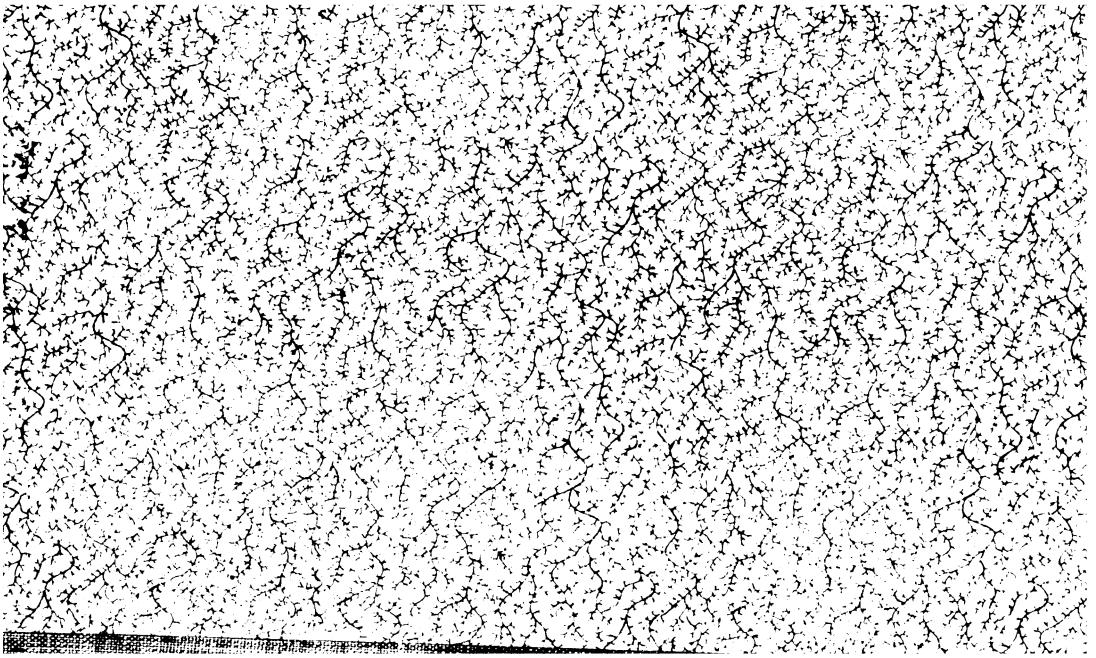
alone is real happiness; and he is wisest and most happy, who chearfully fills up the place which the great director of the universe has allotted him: yes, godlike virtue! thou alone canst give us bliss; thou alone canst strew flowers in the thorny paths of adversity, and gild with chearing beams, the darkest, gloomiest hours of our lives! Oh! whom need I envy, if possessed of thee, I fulfil my humble course: I shall die in peace, and the tears of the just and of the noble shall bedew my grave: my friends, as they wander near the grassy hillock, shall press each other's hand and say, "Peace be to his reliques, peace to his humble shade, may every grief that clouded his mortal life, be tenfold compensated by ages of tranquillity and joy."

And may'st thou, my love! delight to wander near my grave, and to muse upon the turf that covers the mouldering heart, which once glowed with such tenderness for thee: as thou approachest the green hillock where the violet and the *forget-me-not** waves, may

a

Myosotis, English Scorpion-grass.

a tear tremble in thy mild blue eye. Oh! if the spirits of the dead are ever permitted to visit those they loved when on earth, or to haunt the scenes in which they through life delighted, in that still lonely hour my spirit shall hover o'er thee: and as thou musest in the peaceful twilight, if a sudden zephyr fan thy cheek, and a soft tremor pass through thy soul, think, think it thy lover, and sooth his pensive spirit with a sigh!

THE END.

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